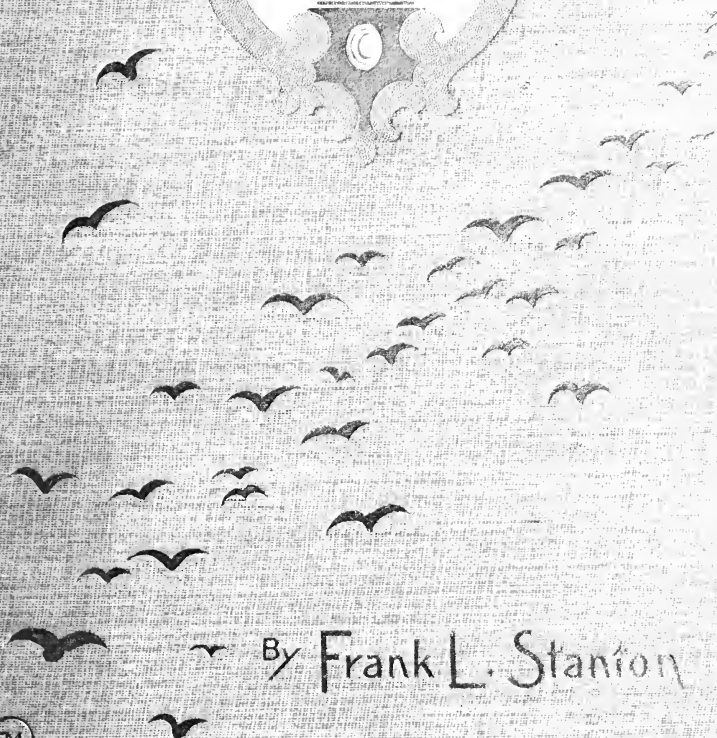


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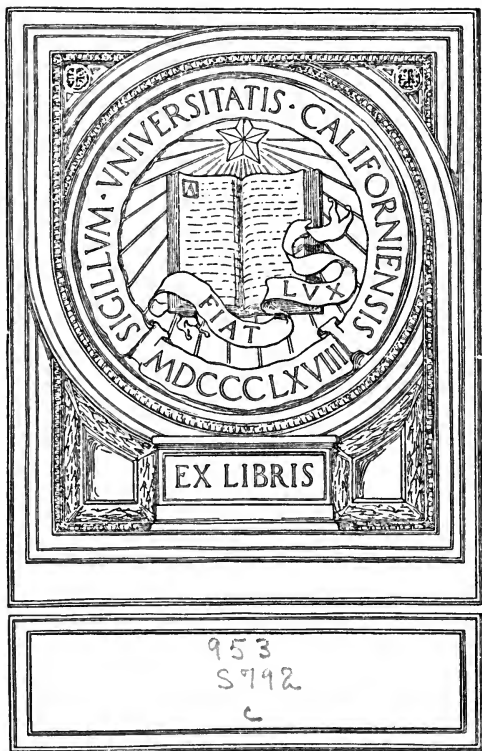
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COMES ONE WITH A SONG



By Frank L. Stanton





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Friend A. B. C.

Keen to you at Forty one
May you as safely reach Forty two
And when you arrive at Forty two
May there be two of you
Swartz





COMES ONE
WITH A SONG





COMES ONE WITH A SONG



FRANK L. STANTON

Author of "Songs of the Soil"

INDIANAPOLIS AND KANSAS CITY
THE BOWEN-MERRILL CO.

1899

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M.M.W.

TO
MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER
LEONA AND MARCELLE

M40470

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In the strife and the tumult that sweeps us along

Comes one with a song.

In the storm of the nations—the wrath for the wrong,

Comes one with a song,

And over the rage of the people the skies

See the light of a lovelier morning arise ;—

There are prayers on Love's lips, and the light 's in Love's eyes :

Comes one with a song.

In the rude clamor and crush of the throng

Comes one with a song.

The winds have foretold him ; rills rippled along

Of one with a song.

And the sword 's in the scabbard, and soft as the dew

On the lips of the lilies—God's white thoughts of you—

Love's dear arms enfold you ; light breaks from the blue !—

Comes one with a song.

ONE COUNTRY

I

AFTER ALL,
One country, brethren! We must rise or fall
With the Supreme Republic. We must be
The makers of her immortality;
Her freedom, fame,
Her glory or her shame—
Liegemen to God and fathers of the free!

II

After all—
Hark! from the heights the clear, strong, clarion call
And the command imperious: "Stand forth,
Sons of the south and brothers of the north!
Stand forth and be
As one on soil and sea—
Your country's honor more than empire's worth!"

I

ONE COUNTRY

III

After all,

'Tis Freedom wears the loveliest coronal;

Her brow is to the morning; in the sod

She breathes the breath of patriots; every clod

Answers her call

And rises like a wall

Against the foes of liberty and God!

THE WOODLAND THRUSH

I N the deep woods remote
A sweeter minstrel dwells
Than ever piped a morn or twilight note
In all the song-swept dells.

It is no voice that soars
Unwearying to the blue ;
Transient—elusive—even while Love adores :
A phantom of the dew !

A sense of silver bells
Swayed by light winds ;—a thrill
Keen as the leaf feels when the spring sap swells
And sculptures it at will.

And ere the lips can say
A song hath been—aware
Of mystery the soul hath lost its way—
Doubting and dreaming there,

THE WOODLAND THRUSH

As one in shadowed bowers
Of Sleep may hear a strain
Which haunts the memory in his waking hours,
Nor makes its meaning plain.

Soft as a ripple's splash
Against the shore's shelled walls,—
O that the mystic melody would dash
Down like the waterfalls!

Yet all the wood is stirred
From violet to pine;
And I have heard—and yet I have not heard
A melody divine!

Voice of the woodland thrush!
Dewdrop of song, that fears
The rustling of a leaf—a rose's blush,
And dies when Love appears;—

I lose myself in thee
As one who, billow-tost
And drowning, hears strange music in the sea,
Lulled by the sound and . . . lost!

THE WARNING

WAS the tree thrilled by the wind?
There was never a sky-blown breath.

So still the day—so ghostly gray,

It seemed a soul in death.

Yet through each leaf a tremor ran

Like the blood in the veins of a man.

Through each leaf a tremor

Wild and swift and keen;

And the thrilling leaves—the unwilling leaves,

Seemed over a grave to lean.

And through the round limbs ever ran

The thrill of the rope at the throat of a man!

And the leaves moaned in the light,

And the light they did condemn,

And cried to the tempest and the night

To darken over them.

And the sun sank low, and his last beams ran

To the leaves, as if red with the blood of a man.

THE WARNING

And the silence is broken. . . . And hark!

A shout—a shriek in the glen,—

A ghostly face in the dark.

And the sky grows black . . . and then—

The limbs and the leaves feel the blight and the ban
Of the blood of a man!

OCTOBER

I WOULD I had a rhyme wherewith to robe her—
The fair October!

But rhyme on rhyme my fancy vainly weaves:—
At hide and seek in her red realm of leaves.

I can not paint her melancholy, sober—
The glad October!

Even glad,
Though all the world's wan singers call her sad,
And sorrowful and wise,
While her complaining eyes
Droop in a mournful mist!

But I have seen her cheek, by sunlight kissed,
Wear the wild peach's bloom,
The while each wind-blown tress
Fell from her forehead, gleaming in the gloom
With unimagined light and loveliness!

OCTOBER

Through dream-enchanted hours
Of summer, when for weariness the flowers
 Sank from the fierce sun's sight
With thoughts of star-trysts in the cool twilight,
 And dew-plashed bowers
Of unseen spirits of the violet night,—
Far off she felt the red rose at her lips,
And thrilled the thorn's blood to her finger tips;
The slow sap tingling through the veiny leaf;
The gold grain climbing to the sunny sheaf,—
The breath and death of lilies—these she knew,

And in sweet secret places, under blue
 And kindly skies,
 With pity in her eyes,
Wrought golden vesture—silvered with sunrise,
 To deck their death withal;
 And many a coronal;
And fashioned her red leaves into sea-waves
 To ripple round their graves!

OCTOBER

Tears, but the *light* of tears!

A moment mourns she for the dying years,

Anon to race

Sylph-like through crimson woodlands, in the embrace

Of rival winds that toss about her face

Her shiny ringlets, clamoring to sip

The red wine of her lip!

And in the gathered glory of the day,

Wending her glorious and golden way

To gorgeous groves, rose-radiant with May!

.

I would I had a rhyme wherewith to robe her—

The fair October!

But rhyme on rhyme my fancy vainly weaves:—

In red recesses of her realm of leaves

I do not find her melancholy—sober,—

The glad October!

TIME'S UP!

TIME'S up for love and laughter:
We drained the banquet cup,
And now the dark comes after,
And lights are out. . . . Time's up!

O lovers in sweet places,
With lips of song and sigh,
Come forth with pallid faces
And kiss your last good-by!

O sweet bride at the marriage,
Impatient at thy gates,
Beside a sable carriage
A ghostly groomsman waits!

O statesman, crowned and splendid,
The laurel leaves thy brow;
The long debate is ended—
The halls are voiceless now.

TIME'S UP!

Time's up for wooing, winning—
For doubt, for dream, for strife;
For sighing and for sinning—
For love, for hate, for life!

Time's up. . . . The dial's mark is
On the last hour complete.
Lie down there, where the dark is,
And dream that Time was sweet!

THE GRAVEYARD RABBIT

I N the white moonlight, where the willow waves,
He halfway gallops among the graves—
A tiny ghost in the gloom and gleam,
Content to dwell where the dead men dream,

But wary still:
For they plot him ill:
For the graveyard rabbit hath a charm
(May God defend us!) to shield from harm!

Over the shimmering slabs he goes—
Every grave in the dark he knows;
But his nest is hidden from human eye
Where headstones broken on old graves lie.

Wary still!
For they plot him ill:
For the graveyard rabbit, though skeptics scoff,
Charmeth the witch and the wizard off!

THE GRAVEYARD RABBIT

The black man creeps, when the night is dim,
Fearful, still, on the track of him;
Or fleetly follows the way he runs,
For he heals the hurts of the conjured ones.

Wary still!

For they plot him ill;
The soul's bewitched, that would find release,
To the graveyard rabbit go for peace!

He holds their secret—he brings a boon
Where winds moan wild in the dark o' the moon;
And gold shall glitter and love smile sweet
To whoever shall sever his furry feet!

Wary still!

For they plot him ill:
For the graveyard rabbit hath a charm
(May God defend us!) to shield from harm!

A SONG OF HARVEST

SING a song of harvest—sing it, ring it sweet:
Set it to the music of the ripple of the wheat!
Sweetheart, sweetheart,
Reaping as we go,
A kiss amid the music
And the wheat would never know!

Sing a song of harvest—sing it, ring it true!
Symphonies of sunlight and mysteries of dew;
Sweetheart, sweetheart,
Summer sighs to go;
A kiss amid the music
And the wheat would never know.

Sing a song of harvest—of many a golden tithe;
Set it to the tinkle and the twinkle of the scythe;
Sweetheart, sweetheart,
Loves a reaper, too;
Love is in the music
And the thrilling heart of you.

A SONG OF HARVEST

Sing a song of harvest like the ripple of a stream,
Till the shadows kiss the meadows and the stars
above us dream ;

Sweetheart, sweetheart,

Summer sighs to go ;

A kiss amid the music

And the wheat would never know.

IN EVIDENCE

THIS is the spot where the man was slain;
Never a blade of grass hath grown—
For all the sunlight and all the rain—
Where he fell in the dark alone!
This is the marked and the unblessed place—
And the earth keeps the print of his murdered face.

Slain that night as he rode along
To the lips of the woman who loved him best;
For the hate in his rival's heart was strong
As the love in his victim's breast.
And while he mused on the victory won,
There came a flash from the ambushed gun.

A flash, and a fall in the dark. But lo!
Between the slain and the slayer lies
That spot, which even the winter's snow
Hides not from human eyes.
That spot whose evil no priest may ban—
With the awful mask of the murdered man.

THE LOVE GAGE

A RED rose at Lucinda's feet:
Ho! gallants—east and west,
Who'll race that royal rose to greet—
Who'll wear it on his breast?
A red rose at Lucinda's feet:
Who loves Lucinda best?

A red rose at Lucinda's feet:
Ho! gallants—speed amain!
That rose hath known her kisses sweet—
Her lips its crimson stain!
A red rose at Lucinda's feet:
What knight the rose will gain?

A red rose at Lucinda's feet:
See where her lips have pressed!
Through light and storm sure-mettled—fleet,
Speed, lovers, east and west!
A red rose at Lucinda's feet:
Who loves Lucinda best?

WITH MY PIPE

WHEN the wind blows cold and shrilly through the
black December night,

And the oak logs pile the chimney and the flame is leap-
ing bright;

Then witch tales are in order, and the children cease
their play,

I light my pipe contentedly and puff and puff away!

Puff, puff, puff!

Though the wind the casement cuff,

A full pipe of tobacco

Brings me happiness enough!

Is sleep the time for dreaming? Well, I dream my
dreams *awake*:

I love the varying visions that a wreath of smoke can
make;

The scent of my tobacco makes me reconciled to stay

In a world which hath no sorrow but a pipe can puff away.

WITH MY PIPE

Puff, puff, puff!
Let the world go smooth or rough,
A pipe of rich tobacco
Brings me happiness enough.

In the blue smoke round me curling rise the Carolina
hills,
The sunlight on the meadows and the ripple on the
rills;
And the valleys of Virginia seem to blossom with the
May,
And I hear the reapers singing as I puff and puff away.
Puff, puff, puff!
What though fortune should rebuff?
A pipe of fine tobacco
Brings me happiness enough.

Old friends I loved come smiling through each misty
wreath that curls;
I hear the fiddler's music—see the red lips of the girls;

WITH MY PIPE

The snows of life's December have a rainbow-tinted
ray,
And a sweet face I remember makes me sigh and puff
away.

Puff, puff, puff,
Life is rosy—life is rough;
But a pipe of sweet tobacco
Brings me happiness enough.

But I smile, for I'm contented, and no visions can pro-
voke
When the frosty air is scented with old-time tobacco
smoke;
The girls I loved are married, and their golden locks
are gray;
Be my blessing to them carried as I puff and puff away!
Puff, puff, puff,
Let the wind the casement cuff:
A pipe of rare tobacco
Brings me happiness enough!

SO MANY!

SO many stars in the infinite space—
So many worlds in the light of God's face.

So many storms ere the thunders shall cease—
So many paths to the portals of Peace.

So many years, so many tears—
Sighs and sorrows and pangs and prayers.

So many ships in the desolate night—
So many harbors, and only one Light.

So many creeds like the weeds in the sod—
So many temples, and only one God.

LITTLE BIT OF A FELLOW

LITTLE bit of a fellow—
Couldn't get him to sleep,
And the mother sighed
As he tossed and cried:
“He's such a trouble to keep!”
Little bit of a fellow—
Couldn't get him to sleep.

Little bit of a fellow!—
But the eyes of the mother weep;
For one sad night
That was lost to light
God smiled and kissed him to sleep.
Little bit of a fellow!—
And he wasn't a trouble to keep!

THE STORY OF THE WOOD

WHAT said the Wood in the fire
To the little boy that night—
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little arm-chair—
When the blaze was burning bright?

The Wood said: "See
What they've done to me!
I stood in the forest, a beautiful tree,
And waved my branches from east to west,
And many a sweet bird built its nest
In my leaves of green
That loved to lean
In springtime over the daisies' breast!

THE STORY OF THE WOOD

“From the blossoming dells
Where the violet dwells
The cattle came with their clanking bells
And rested under my shadows sweet;
And the winds that went over the clover and wheat
Told me all that they knew
Of the flowers that grew
In the beautiful meadows that dreamed at my feet!

“And the wild wind’s caresses
Oft rumpled my tresses;
But sometimes, as soft as a mother’s lip presses
On the brow of the child of her bosom, it laid
Its lips on my leaves, and I was not afraid!
And I listened, and heard
The small heart of each bird
As it beat in the warm nest the mother had made!

“And in springtime sweet faces
Of myriad graces
Came beaming and gleaming from flowery places;

THE STORY OF THE WOOD

And under my grateful and joy-giving shade,
With cheeks like primroses the little ones played ;
 And the sunshine in showers
 Through all the bright hours
Bound their beauteous ringlets with silvery braid.

“And the lightning
 Came brightening
From far skies, and frightening
The wandering birds that were tossed by the breeze
And tilted like ships on black, billowy seas!
 But they flew to my breast
 And I rocked them to rest,
While the trembling vines clustered and clung at
 my knees!

“But how soon,” said the Wood,
“Fades the memory of good!
Though with sheltering love and sweet kindness
 I stood,

THE STORY OF THE WOOD

The forester came with his ax gleaming bright,
And I fell like a giant, all shorn of his might!

Yet still there must be
Some sweet mission for me:
For have I not warmed you and cheered you to-
night?"

So said the Wood in the fire
To the little boy that night—
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little arm-chair—
When the blaze was burning bright.

THE RAPIER

HERE in the dark the scabbard hangs, and red
The rapier is with rust;
The cruel hand that wielded it lies dead
In dim, forgotten dust.

For forth a soldier to the battle fared—
Forth from a woman fair,
Whose kiss the conflict to his soul endeared,
And met the rapier there.

And when, far hidden in the cannon's smoke
And in the crimson rain,
The man reeled lifeless from the rapier's stroke,
The woman, too, was slain!

WHEN JENNY RODE TO MILL WITH ME

WHEN Jenny rode to mill with me
The daisies bared their bosoms;
The spring winds ruffled every tree
And stirred a storm of blossoms.

The squirrels scampered from the hedge,
The cows were in the clover;
The lilies rimmed the river's edge
And dusky doves flew over.

The white road seemed to welcome us,
By shaken dewdrops dented;
The groves with song were tremulous,
By lonely violets scented.

The mad wind seemed to envy all
The curls beneath her bonnet,
And let the dew-dashed blossoms fall
In twinkling showers on it.

WHEN JENNY RODE TO MILL WITH ME

How well the way old "Milton" knew
In all the springtime weather;
His back was broad enough for two,
And so—we rode together!

He loitered in the light and song;
He knew the spell that bound me,
And that the way was never long
While Jenny's arms were round me!

The rose had then no cruel thorn
To mar the moment's blisses;
The miller took his toll in corn,
And I took mine in kisses.

But time has left us far apart;
Yet, though the years are many,
The dear old road runs round the heart
That frames the face of Jenny.

And I would give the world to see
The daisies' milk-white bosoms
Where Jenny rode to mill with me
Amid a storm of blossoms?

CHUCK WILL'S WIDOW

O VER the fields and the woodlands you hear it:
"Will-married-the-widow!"

Now it is distant, and now you are near it:

"Will-married-the-widow!"

Nothing is told

Of his grace or his gold—

If Willie was young, or the widow was old;

Only that statement comes over the wold:

"Will-married-the-widow!"

How it is echoing far down the valley:

"Will-married-the-widow!"

Under the stars where the fairy forms rally:

"Will-married-the-widow!"

Foolish, or wise,

Will was after the prize;

But whether the widow had brown or blue eyes

The mystic musician sings not to the skies:

But—"Will-married-the-widow!"

CHUCK WILL'S WIDOW

Why from the woods that monotonous singing:

“Will-married-the-widow!”

Why not the bells, with a jubilant ringing:

If “Will-married-the-widow!”

Did Will run away

With the widow that day—

Away o'er the world in a chariot gay?

Was there any objection? He never will say!

But—“Will-married-the-widow!”

Over the fields and the woodlands you hear it:

“Will-married-the-widow!”

'Tis a will-o'-the-wisp; but you're never too near it:

“Will-married-the-widow!”

Married her—ho!

'Twas a long time ago;

But why, is a secret you never will know:

Let us hope 'twas a love match, for weal or for woe,

When Will-married-the-widow!

A LITTLE THANKFUL SONG

FOR what are we thankful for? For this:
For the breath and the sunlight of life:
For the love of the child, and the kiss
On the lips of the mother and wife.
For roses entwining,
For bird and for bloom,
And hopes that are shining
Like stars in the gloom.

For what are we thankful for? For this:
The strength and the patience of toil;
For even the dreams that are bliss—
The hope of the seed in the soil.
For souls that are whiter
From day unto day;
And lives that are brighter
From going God's way.

A LITTLE THANKFUL SONG

For what are we thankful for? For all:
The sunlight—the shadow—the song;
The blossoms may wither and fall,
But the world moves in music along!
For simple, sweet living,
(’Tis love that doth teach it)
A heaven forgiving
And faith that can reach it!

CLARISSE

KISS you? Wherefore should I, sweet?
Casual kissing I condemn;
Other lips your lips will meet
When my kisses die on them!
Should I grieve that this should be?
Nay—if you will kiss, kiss me!

Love you? That were vainer still!
If you win my love to-day,
When the morrow comes you will
Lightly laugh that love away!
Should I grieve that this should be?
Nay—if you must love, love me!

Wherefore play these fickle parts?
Life and love will soon be done!
Think you God made human hearts
Just for you to tread upon?
Will you break them, nor repine?
If you will, Clarisse, break mine!

LIGHT ON THE HILLS

D YING, they lifted his curly head,
And he looked to the east, and smiling said :
“ It’s light on the hills ! ”

And he went away, in the morning bright,
With that last, sweet, quivering word of “ Light ”
On the lips Death kissed to a silence long. . . .
So ends the sighing, and so ends the song.

And I think that Death, with his icy breath,
Was kind to him ; and I’m friend with Death
For that light on the hills !
Back of it—back of it glooms the Night,
Dark and lonely ; but all was light
When his lips were laid in the silence long. . . .
So ends the sighing, and so ends the song.

LIGHT ON THE HILLS

If I remember his brief, bright years
With the pang at the heart—with the falling of tears,
 There is light on the hills!
But he sleeps beneath, and the light's above,
And something is lost to the world in love.
And heaven knows this; but it does no wrong. . . .
 So ends the sighing, and so ends the song.

“There is light on the hills.” So we sing, so we say,
When God sends His angel to kiss it away—
 There is light on the hills!
And we kneel in the darkness and say that we trust.
When heaven's not as dear as our love in the dust!—
As the love that it reaps—that it keeps from us
 long. . . .
 So ends the sighing, and so ends the song.

LINNIE'S HAIR

OVER my dreaming heart I wear
A little lock of Linnie's hair;
A soft wind from the far, sweet west,
Kissing it, tossed it to my breast,
And with sweet farewells left it there—
This little lock of Linnie's hair.

And not the long and lonesome years,
With days of sorrow, nights of tears;
And not the changing of the skies—
The sundered hands, the darkened eyes,
Haved dimmed the beauty, golden fair,
Of this lone lock of Linnie's hair.

Ere her sweet kiss on it was cold
I wrought for it a frame of gold;
But gold is bought and sold; and so,
My heart enshrined it long ago.
And down to death that heart shall bear
This little lock of Linnie's hair.

LINNIE'S HAIR

O ships upon the tropic seas!
Your sails bend not to any breeze
As sweet as that which tenderly
Tossed Linnie's tresses over me!
And left this witness lying there—
Which I in life and death shall wear—
This little lock of Linnie's hair!

MOTHERHOOD

THOU shalt have grace where glory is forgot ;
The love all luminous in the world's last night ;
Thy children's arms shall be thy necklace bright,
And all love's roses clamber to thy cot.
And if a storm one steadfast star should blot
From thy pure heaven, God's angels shall relight
The lamps for thee, and make the darkness white ;
The lilies of His love shall be thy lot !

He shall give all His angels charge of thee ;
Thy coming and thy going shall be known.
Their steps shall shine before thee radiantly,
Lest thou shouldst dash thy foot against a stone.
The cross still stands. Who shall that love condemn
Whose mother-lips kissed Christ at Bethlehem ?

HIS GRANDMOTHER'S WAY

TELL you, gran'mother's a queer one, shore—
Makes yer heart go pitty-pat!

If the wind jest happens to open a door,

She'll say there's "a sign" in that!

An' if no one ain't in a rockin'-chair

An' it rocks itself, she'll say: "Oh, dear!

Oh, dear! Oh, my!

I'm afeared 'at somebody is goin' to die!"

An' she makes me cry—

She makes me cry!

Once wuz a owl 'at happened to light

On our tall chimney-top,

An' screamed an' screamed in the dead o' night,

An' nuthin' could make it stop!

An' gran'ma—she uncovered her head

An' almos' frightened me out the bed:

"Oh, dear! Oh, my!

I'm certain 'at some one is goin' to die!"

An' she made me cry—

She made me cry!

HIS GRANDMOTHER'S WAY

Jest let a cow lean over the gate

An' bellow, an' gran'ma—she

Will say her prayers, if it's soon or late,

An' shake her finger at me!

An' then, an' then you'll hear her say:

"It's a sign w'en the cattle act that way!

Oh, dear! Oh, my!

I'm certain 'at somebody's goin' to die!"

Oh, she makes me cry—

She makes me cry!

Skeeriest person you ever seen!

Always a-huntin' fer "signs";

Says it's "spirits" 'at's good, or mean,

If the wind jest shakes the vines!

I always feel skeery w'en gran'ma's aroun'—

An' think 'at I see things, an' jump at each soun':

"Oh, dear! Oh, my!

I'm certain 'at somebody's goin' to die!"

Oh, she makes me cry—

She makes me cry!

BENEATH THE MISTLETOE

HOW do Sweet Margaret's dimples race
Around the roses of her face!
And I dare swear the force that stirs
The flower that doth her bosom grace,
Is that tumultuous heart of hers!
Who'll wager on the dimple race?
My glove, my glory and my bliss
That love can catch them with a kiss!

How do Sweet Margaret's fingertips
Shield the rare ruby of her lips!
But I dare swear her snow-white hand
That doth the crimson so eclipse,
Shall fall before her heart's command!
Who'll race the rose-way to her lips?
My glove, my glory and my bliss
Love wins the ruby with a kiss!

WHEN THE LITTLE BOY RAN AWAY

WHEN the little boy ran away from home
The birds in the treetops knew,
And they all sang "Stay!" But he wandered away
Under the skies of blue.
And the Wind came whispering from the tree:
"Follow me—follow me!"
And it sang him a song that was soft and sweet,
And scattered the roses before his feet
That day—that day
When the little boy ran away.

The Violets whispered: "Your eyes are blue
And lovely and bright to see;
And so are mine, and I'm kin to you,
So dwell in the light with me!"
But the little boy laughed, while the Wind in glee
Said: "Follow me—follow me!"

WHEN THE LITTLE BOY RAN AWAY

And the Wind called the clouds from their home in the
skies

And said to the Violet: "Shut your eyes!"

That day—that day

When the little boy ran away.

Then the Wind played leap-frog over the hills

And twisted each leaf and limb;

And all the rivers and all the rills

Were foaming mad with him!

And 'twas dark as the darkest night could be,

But still came the Wind's voice: "Follow me!"

And over the mountain, and up from the hollow

Came echoing voices, with: "Follow him—follow!"

That awful day

When the little boy ran away!

Then the little boy cried: "Let me go—let me go!"

For a scared—scared boy was he!

But the Thunder growled from a black cloud: "No!"

And the Wind roared: "Follow me!"

And an old gray Owl from a treetop flew,

Saying: "Who are you-oo? Who are you-oo?"

WHEN THE LITTLE BOY RAN AWAY

And the little boy sobbed: "I'm lost away,
And I want to go home where my parents stay!"
Oh, the awful day
When the little boy ran away !

Then the Moon looked out from a cloud and said :

"Are you sorry you ran away?
If I light you home to your trundle bed,
Will you stay, little boy, will you stay?"
And the little boy promised—and cried and cried—
He would never leave his mother's side ;
And the Moonlight led him over the plain
And his mother welcomed him home again.
But oh, what a day
When the little boy ran away !

THE SHIPS AT SEA

THE ship has put to sea,
And the sailors merrily
'Neath the wind-blown sails are singing of the fairy
shores to be.

They are singing, they are singing,
While the harbor-bells are ringing
Farewell unto the brave ship like a gull the ocean wing-
ing !

They ask not where they steer
'Neath the stormy skies and clear,
But their trust is in their captain, and the billows bring
no fear.

Though thick the dangers throng,
Yet the voyage is not long,
And the dark brings dreams of morning in the rosy
realms of song.

THE SHIPS AT SEA

They dream, in storm and star,
Of the shores where white ships are,
And dreaming, hear the music of the harbor-bells afar.

Fair shores, in peace empearled,
Where the sea-torn flags are furled,
Whose songs of welcome win them from God's high-
way o'er the world.

And so, they sail, and dream
Of a lovelier morning's beam,
With all their white sails bending, and all their lights
a-gleam.

They fare through storm and night,
But no dangers can affright;
For their trust is in their captain, and the harbor is in
sight !

AT THE TWILIGHT GATE

OLD, old, old! . . . And I think I've lived my day,
And folks that are old as I am had better be out
of the way;

Had better be lying asleep under the grasses deep,
Where the crickets cry for lonesomeness, and the long,
cold shadows creep.

Old, old, old! . . . It was only a year ago—
A month—a day—as I may say, I stood where the vio-
lets blow,
And the wind came over the meadows whispering—
whispering sweet,
And the birds sang in the blossoms that rained their red
at my feet.

My eyes were as blue as the sky then—blue as the sky,
and bright,
And if ever a tear came trembling, it was lost in the
April light;

AT THE TWILIGHT GATE

The red o' the rose was on my cheek—so wrinkled now
and old,

And he said my curls were shiny with all o' the sun-
flower's gold.

I was there at the golden gate, and he was standing by ;
And the doves were flying over, an' we heard the kil-
dee's cry ;

And the silver bells o' the thrushes were tinkling in
copses dim,

And the sweetest o' the violets I kissed and gave to him.

And some one was calling—calling to come to the house-
hold cares,

And I mind that when he left me my cheeks were wet
with tears—

Not the tears that I weep to-day, for they are bitter,
and *burn!*

But the tears of a first, sweet love—that had no lessons
to learn.

Old, old, old! . . . An' yet, it was yesterday
My little ones were around me, and knelt at my knees
to pray

AT THE TWILIGHT GATE

The child-prayers, morning and evening, with the love-
light on each brow—
Asking God to bless the mother that God's forgotten
now!

And then, while I was dreaming sweet dreams 'neath
a morning sky,
They came to me and kissed me a last and sad good-by;
And some sent comfort to me from far and far away,
And some I'll see no more—no more, until God's judg-
ment day.

If my children were around me--could I see in the fire-
light's shine
That's flickering out like my life, the face—the face of
a child of mine,
And hear him call me, "Mother!" d'ye think that I'd
mind to-day
The looks that tell me I've lived too long—the lips that
wish me away?

AT THE TWILIGHT GATE

I held 'em in my arms—I nursed 'em at my breast,
And I said: "In God's good time they'll come to lead
me into rest;
And the twilight will be sweet, an' they'll shelter my
age from harms,
And death'll come like a dream, an' I'll fall asleep in
their arms."

But here I wait alone—alone while the shadows creep,
And hear the crickets crying in the graveyard grasses
deep;
They seem to be calling, calling—and the shadows seem
to say:
"You are only a shadow in the light, and the light must
have its way!"

The world has left me alone. How strange that the
good Lord sends
To youth a rosy pathway, and plenty of love and friends;
And twines the arms of your children round you in life's
sweet May;
And then, when the night falls dreary, takes the love
and the light away!

AT THE TWILIGHT GATE

Love that wooed an' won me—all o' the love He gave,
Comes to me now in the darkness like echoes over my
grave;

And strange, and strange that he leaves me here, where
now no love is seen,

When 'twixt my own and heaven there's only a grave
of green !

At every click o' the latch at morn, or evening late,
I raise my eyes and ask 'em if Death is at the gate?
But Life comes in with cheeks of bloom, and rose and
violet;

And I clasp my wrinkled hands and moan: "Not yet—
not yet—not yet !"

And then Life brings a violet and lays it in my hand,
And once more at the gate of Life beside my own I
stand;

And the silver bells o' the thrushes tinkle in copses dim;
But the sweetest o' the violets were those I kissed for
him !

AT THE TWILIGHT GATE

Old, old, old ! . . . And I know that I've spent my
day;

The world that I am living in is far and far away;
Far and far away, where the old-time meadows be;
And none to take my hand now, and walk that way
with me!

Better far to be lying under the grasses deep
Where the crickets cry for lonesomeness, and the long,
last shadows creep;

There will be violets sweet to grow over my grave so
dim;
But the sweetest of the violets were those I kissed for
him!

EUGENE FIELD

FADES his calm face beyond our mortal ken,
Lost in the light of lovelier realms above ;
He left sweet memories in the hearts of men
And climbed to God on little children's love.

A BOY'S VIEW OF IT

MOTHER—she's always a-sayin', she is,
Boys must be looked after—got to be strict;
When I tear my breeches like Billy tears his,
It helps 'em considerable when I am licked!
But it ain't leapin' over the fence or the post—
It's jest that same lickin' at tears 'em the most!

Mother—she's always a-sayin' to me,
Boys must have people to foller 'em roun';
Never kin tell where they're goin' to be;
Sure to git lost, an' then have to be foun'.
An' then—when they find 'em, they're so full of joy
They can't keep from lovin' an' lickin' the boy!

There's Jimmy Johnson—got lost on the road;
Daddy wuz drivin' to market one day,
Fell out the wagon, an' nobody knowed
Till they come to a halt, an' his daddy said: "Hey!
Wonder where Jimmy is gone to?" But Jim—
Warn't no two hosses could keep up with him!

A BOY'S VIEW OF IT

Jest kept agoin', an' got to a place

Where wuz a circus; took up with the clown,
Cut off his ringlets and painted his face,

An' then come right back to his daddy's own town!
An' what do you reckon? His folks didn't know,
An' paid to see Jimmy that night in the show!

An' there's Billy Jenkins—he jest run away

(Folks at his house wuzn't treatin' him right);
Went to the place where the red Injuns stay;

An' once, when his daddy wuz travelin' at night
An' the Injuns took after him, hollerin' loud,
Bill run to his rescue, an' scalped the whole crowd!

No use in talkin'—boys don't have no show!

Wuzn't fer people a-follerin' 'em roun',
Jest ain't no tellin' how fast they would grow;
Bet you they'd fool everybody in town!
But mother—she says they need lickin', an' so
They're too busy hollerin' to git up an' grow!

WITH OLD-TIME FRIENDS

HOW welcome on this winter night
Would be the comfortable light
Of some old, mossy, gabled inn
Where Canterbury folk have been !
A corner where the Boar's Head sign
Invited travelers to dine ;
Where friend Jack Falstaff all forlorn
Came posting from Gad's Hill that morn
And boisterously called for sack,
And beat the rogues in buckram back !

How welcome by the bright blaze there
The prince's pleasantry to hear !
To have "lean Jack" a toast propose
Where burned the fly on Bardolph's nose !

WITH OLD-TIME FRIENDS

Or, housed with Justice Shallow slim,
Prate of the days of youth with him !
What more, good friends, hath life to win
Than one's own ease in one's own inn?

How fair would be the Christian luck
That led my steps to Friar Tuck ;
To see in his deceptive cell
The hero of Saint Dunstan's well,
And mark him spread his homely fare
To Richard Cœur de Lion there ;
And by some secret spell or sign
Transform the water into wine !
Ah, were we there, each merry wight
Would have a rouse this winter night !

'Sdeath ! but the friendly folk of old
Had arts wherewith to charm the cold !
The coaches lumbering along
Were rife with story and with song ;
And o'er the frozen ways and white
The inn-fires flashed their cheerful light ;

WITH OLD-TIME FRIENDS

What cared they for the wintry hail
In the companionship of ale?
The hooded friar told his tale;
No more the justice meant—the jail;
Mine host beamed rosy-faced and fair,
And joined the nightly revel there!
Zounds! how the memory lures me back!
Sirrah, a cup of sack—of sack!

A SONG OF LOVE

HOW love is wrought about us
In stormy scenes and fair!
Within us and without us
All life is love, my dear!

Love in the wild winds blowing—
Love in the dark and light,
The reaping and the sowing,
The red rose and the white.

Love in the blue above us,
Love in the boundless deep!
O Love, still lead and love us
Till on thy breast we sleep.

A MEMORY OF HIM

“A LITTLE Book of Western Verse”—
Without the skies are snowing;
The spirits of the night rehearse
Life's drama; winds are blowing.

The phantom flakes against the pane;
They cling there weirdly—whitely;
And yet the bloom is on the grain
And summer winds blow lightly!

Flutelike across far fields of wheat
And plains to sunset streaming
Drifts southward, mystical and sweet,
A dreamer's voice in dreaming.

A dreamer in the dark unseen:
But where the maples shiver
The light illuminates the green—
The song thrills through the river.

A MEMORY OF HIM

And here, beside the windy blaze,
With night and storm around me,
An echo from melodious days—
The dreamer's voice hath found me!

And one unto my heart is prest,
Sweet memories of him bringing;
And one smiles on the mother's breast,
Lulled by his gentle singing.

And one—asleep beneath the storm,
Life's grace, life's glory summing;
Whose curls may keep the violets warm,
Loved well the dreamer's coming.

O storm without! and light within!
O wan snows coldly gleaming!
What hope, what joy hath life to win?
Read me the dreams I'm dreaming!

But lo! above his life's page beams
A light no storm shall smother;
God's own good-morning to thy dreams,
Singer, and friend, and brother!

THE FACES HE LOVED TO THE LAST

ENDED—the roar and the rattle,
The clash and the clamor that made
The wrath and the red of the battle—
The shouts of the charging brigade.
And over his rest in the meadow
The shadow forever is cast,
But faces smile sweet from the shadow—
The faces he loved to the last!

His sword rusts in silence beside him—
His brave heart is hidden in dust;
But whatever his country denied him,
He was true to his love and his trust.
And under the light and the blossom—
Like spirits that speak from the past,
They found on the dust of his bosom
The faces he loved to the last.

THE FACES HE LOVED TO THE LAST

The last lips that kissed him and blessed him
When he went to the death-darkened strife;
The child-arms that clasped and caressed him
And kissed his heart's love into life!
They smile from the shadows around him—
In death's dim embraces held fast;
They were there on his breast when they found
him—
The faces he loved to the last.

And death becomes tender and human,
That still, in the ruin of years,
Hath spared the sweet face of a woman
And given it back to our tears!
And the rose would seem sweeter above him
For all of the dark shadows cast,
Could he know that these faces still love him—
The faces he loved to the last!

IN LOVE'S TENDER KEEPING

HOLD me a little away from the world,
Dear arms ! with your tenderest clinging ;
The bird with its breast to the blue singeth sweet,
But the stars never answer its singing.
The cold lights but lure us to lead us astray ;
The thorn's in the red of the rose of the May—
Lead me to love, dear, and teach me to pray.

Hold me a little away from the world,
Dear arms ! with your firm clasp and tender ;
For the lights on the heights stream through desolate
nights—

A tempest of tears in the splendor.
'Tis the gleam and the dream that would lead us astray :
The keen thorns have crimsoned the roses of May—
Lead me to love, dear, and teach me to pray.

HIS MOTHER'S KISS

IT was her wont when, tired of play,
He to her bosom crept,
With golden hair in disarray,
To kiss him as he slept.
And still her plea would be but this:
“I shall not wake him with a kiss !”

So heavenly-sweet his sleeping face—
So beautiful and bright,
I know the angels lift the lace
To kiss my boy good-night !
For still he smiles in dreams of bliss:
“How should I wake him with a kiss ?”

So did his mother say ; and when
God whispered His sweet will,
She only moaned : “He sleeps !” and then,
Kneeling, she kissed him still.
And weeping, murmured only this:
“I can not wake him with a kiss !”

OUR POETRY FARM

IF ever, my dearest, your will is
Inclined to the meadows that charm,
When you're spending a day with the lilies,
Pray, pause at our Poetry Farm.

It's far from the poetry-makers
Who dwell in grim castles of gloom ;
It covers the loveliest acres
That ever gave birth to a bloom !

There's a Pegasus placidly plowing
(I have reined him with jessamine vines),
And off he goes braying and bowing
While I pull at the redolent lines.

Around him the wild doves are winging—
The sunbeams sweet messages send,
And the mocking bird's musical singing
Lures him on to the furrow's bright end.

OUR POETRY FARM

When the world is athrill with the May-time
And the sap's in the gladdened green trees,
In the deeps of the flowery daytime
We win the wild kiss of the breeze.

And red and white roses come climbing
In the mystical song-laden hours;
And sweetly the heather bell's chiming,
As we plow up rare poems in flowers!

We lightly pass over the stubble,
And reap where the goldenrods gleam;
The sharp thorns we circuit—like trouble,
And drift where the white daisies dream.

The sunflower's our epic, that rises
And fearlessly flames to the sky;
And there a rare love-song surprises
Where velvety violets lie.

We gather them all, and we bind them
In little bright bundles of song:
"Come find them, ye lovers! Come find them,
And bring all your sweethearts along!"

OUR POETRY FARM

And they come, from the loneliest places,
And they come from the East and the West;
And they leave with the light on their faces,
And a red rose of love on each breast!

So, my dear, if it ever your will is
To seek the green meadows that charm,
When you're out for a day with the lilies,
Pray, pause at our Poetry Farm!

A SONG OF SEASONS

THERE'S joy, my dear, in the youth o' the year,
When the hearts o' the bright buds break
And the skies are blue as the eyes o' you,
And the blooms blow over the lake.
There's joy, my dear, for the world is fair,
And love is the sweetest blossom there !

There's joy, my dear, in the noon o' the year,
When the harvest hints o' gold,
And the soft sun streams with its gleams and dreams
On your beautiful hair unrolled.
There's joy, my dear, for the world is fair,
And love is the blossom that's brightest there.

There's joy, my dear, in the gray o' the year,
When the snows are drifting white,
And the cold winds cry to the starless sky
And the last rose weeps: "Good-night !"
There's joy, my dear, for the world is fair,
While your love like a lily is blooming there !

A KILTED GENIUS

HIS mother is his worshiper
And followeth east and west
To kiss the noisy trumpeter
Who summons me from rest.
(He hath so much the look of her
I needs must love him best !)

That he in sculpture shall excel
I do devoutly trust,
For he hath wrought a miracle
On my dear Shakespeare's bust:
Tasso beside him fares not well—
His laurel laid in dust !

For learning all the world shall seek
His footstool—so I deem ;
He hath a play-house built of Greek
And many a Latin theme.
Homer hath kissed his rosy cheek
And Dante shared his dream.

A KILTED GENIUS

That Art shall flourish 'neath his sway
There is no cause to doubt;
Finding a Rembrandt far too gray
And somber round about,
With little lines of red to-day
He brought its beauties out !

Soldier and citizen and sage
And scholar shall he be ;
His life a book wherein no page
Hath any print of me ;—
He doth partake of some great age
In Time's obscurity !

His mother is his worshiper
And followeth east and west ;
Whate'er he loves she doth prefer
To call that thing most blest !
(He hath so much the look of her
I needs must love him best !)

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD

WHERE the rough road turns, and the valley sweet
Smiles bright with its balm and bloom,
We'll forget the thorns that have pierced the feet
And the nights with their grief and gloom,
And the sky will smile, and the stars will beam,
And we'll lay us down in the light to dream.

We shall lay us down in the bloom and light
With a prayer and a tear for rest,
As tired children who creep at night
To the love of a mother's breast.
And for all the grief of the stormy past,
Rest shall be sweeter at last—at last !

Sweeter because of the weary way
And the lonesome night and long,
While the darkness drifts to the perfect day
With its splendor of light and song.
The light that shall bless us and kiss us and love us
And sprinkle the roses of heaven above us !

THE RUNAWAY TOYS

THE Hobby Horse was so tired that day,
With never a bite to eat,
That he whispered the Doll: "I shall run away!"
And he galloped out to the street
With the curly-headed Doll Baby on his back;
And hard at his heels went the Jumping Jack!
And the little boy—he never knew,
Though the little Steam Engine blew and blew!

Then the Humming Top went round and round,
And crashed through the window-pane,
And the scared Tin Monkey made a bound
For the little red Railroad Train
The painted Duck went "Quack! quack! quack!"
But the Railroad Train just whistled back!
Till the Elephant saw what the racket meant
And packed his trunk and—away he went!

THE RUNAWAY TOYS

The little Toy Sheep in the corner there
Was bleating long and loud ;
But the Parrot said "Hush !" and pulled his hair,
And he galloped off with the crowd !
And the Tin Horn blew and the Toy Drum beat,
But away they went down the frightened street,
Till they all caught up with the Railroad Train,
And they never went back to their homes again !

The blue policeman and all the boys
Went racing away—away !
For a big reward for the runaway Toys
Was cried in the streets that day.
But they kept right on round the world so wide,
While the Little Boy stood on the steps and cried.
Where did they go to, and what did they do?
Bored a hole to China and—dropped through !

RETRIBUTION

ONCE, when I was poor,
Love knocked at my door,
“Some sad wretch,” I cried, “who begs,
And my cup drained to the dregs!”
So I cursed him from the light
Out into the homeless night.
.
Once, with golden store,
I knocked at Love’s sweet door.
“Some sad wretch,” he cried, “whose gold
Deems that love is bought and sold!”
So he cursed me from the light
Out into the homeless night.

THE CHRISTMASSE CHILDREN

YE tin horn bloweth loud and long
Adoun ye noisy street;
For Christmasse cometh, and a song
For Christmasse time is meet,
And ye shall do the Christ no wrong
To love the children sweet.

The joys that shineth in the eyes
Of children charmeth still;
There is no man so great and wise
But there shall drink his fill
Of all the light of paradise,
Shining of Christ His will.

And be it trump or tinsel horn
That pleaseth them to play,
They, maken merrie, shall adorn
The Christ's own holiday.
For Christ Himself a child was born
And loveth them alway!

THE CHRISTMASSE CHILDREN

They bloom, the roses of the earth,
By all its sunshine blest;
And that lone cot of love hath dearth
Wherein no children nest.
And he hath more than jewel's worth
Who loveth children best.

Wherefore, let children merrie make
While bells of Christmasse chime,
And to thine heart the darlings take
And sing them in thy rhyme.
Thou shalt do this for Christ His sake,
At His own Christmasse time !

ANNETTA JONES—HER BOOK

A RARE old print of Shakespeare—his works, in
boards of brown,
With quaint engravings; here and there the yellowed
leaves turned down
Where sweet, love-breathing Juliet speaks, and as I
lean and look,
Traced in pale, faded ink, these words: “Annetta
Jones: Her Book.”

Now, this old print of Shakespeare I prize, because 'tis
rare—
The gem of all my library, in dust and glory there;
I marvel much at Hamlet's ghost, and Banquo's pict-
ured bones,
But who—ye gods of ancient days, was this “Annetta
Jones?”

ANNETTA JONES—HER BOOK

I think I've heard that name before,—Jones?—Jones?—
but that “Annetta,”

With odd embroidery around the first and final letter,
Is sweet and quaint. . . . She was no saint, prim—
grim ! for I discover

By these sublime, marked sentences, Annetta had a lover!

And I believe her eyes were blue—her lips as cherries
red,

And many a shy, sweet kiss they knew, and tender
words they said ;

And from her powdered brows gold hair fell cloud-like
—soft and sweet,

Down-streaming, gleaming, dreaming in her silver-slip-
pered feet!

She lived—she loved—was wedded; the romance of
her life

Perchance was toned a trifle when her lover called her
“wife ;”

But what a glorious fate is hers ! for as I lean and look
Her name still shines with Shakespeare's:—“Annetta
Jones: Her Book.”

So

LOVE'S WAY

“**C**OME,” said Love, upon a day;
“Come, and fare my rosy way;
If perchance the thorns we meet
They shall make the roses sweet.”

So with Love I passed along:
All the world was sweet with song;
Never thorn was mine, for he
Hid them in his heart from me!

“THE GRENADIERS”

TO R. S. P.

PIGOTT was singing “The Grenadiers,” and I in
the shadow sat,
And thought of the time when the emperor stood there
in his old cocked hat,
And said to the guards at Waterloo, when his star was
sinking dim:
“There lies the road to Brussels!” and how they died
for him!

Pigott was singing “The Grenadiers,” and I in the
shadow kept
Time to his voice’s silvery chime; and it may be that I
wept
When “My Emperor is Taken” came ringing high and
true
And I saw the Old Guard charging for the Man of
Waterloo!

“ THE GRENADIERS ”

Pigott was singing “The Grenadiers,” and a star rose
in the night,

And I saw him there, in the lurid air, still gazing upon
the fight

With his gray coat wrapped around him and the En-
glish hosts in view—

The man for whom the Old Guard died on the field of
Waterloo !

Pigott was singing “The Grenadiers,” and the battle
raged again,

And the world around seemed crimson with the blood
of heroes slain !

Pigott was singing “The Grenadiers,” and I, in the
shadow, knew

The Ghost of the Man—the wondrous Man, of the
field of Waterloo !

FROM THE SHADOW

ARE the little ones all at home? Answer me quickly
—fearlessly, Sweet!

For I have been out in the world today, and Death has
been reaping the street;

And it's voiceless for lack of a child's sweet voice—and
a man's I held most dear:

Are the little ones all at home, my love,—and the
shadow passed so near?

Yes—thank God!—they are coming! Beat—O glad
heart—beat!

Music of children's voices, and children's pattering feet!
Living, to meet—to miss me—full in my arm's em-
brace,—

Climb to my heart and kiss me, and toss your curls in
my face!

FROM THE SHADOW

God be praised of His mercy—for the stay of the iron
rod,

For these that I call my children are only a breath from
God—

The waft of a rose-leaf from him; and oft in the lone-
some night

I fancy the Shadow is near them, and weep till the
dawn of light.

Come to the happy heart of me—come, ere the Shadow
fall!

A kiss and a clasp for you—and you! There is room
in my love for all!

Come, unheeding the glad, sweet tears that from my
eyelids shine;

Tonight—tonight, in the dear home-light, with your
mother's hand in mine!

O as I walked in the street today—in the chill and
trampled street,

The solemn shadow blurred the way and hid a child's
face sweet,

FROM THE SHADOW

And a woman went a-wailing, and the heart in a man
fell dead,
And fast to the dear home-valleys I dreamed the
Shadow fled.

And I could not toil for weeping; for I heard the wo-
man moan,
And the Shadow was on my soul, and what if it struck
—my own?
And my heart would not be steadfast when the Shadow
passed from view,
And, dreaming, I came unknowing to the dear sweet
hearts of you!

All home,—thank God!—save one, and she has been
so long away
We have ceased to weep when the shadows creep and
gloom o'er the hills of gray
To the violet acres of God, where they neither sow nor
reap;
Where Love is a rose in the sod—a song that sings her
to sleep.

FROM THE SHADOW

Warm hands and hearts at the bright home fires ! The
wind is abroad in the night,
And the rain's on the hills . . . but the Shadow has
passed from my weeping sight ;
Up to my arms ! unheeding the eyes where the glad
tears shine,—
Tonight—tonight, in the sweet home-light, and your
mother's hand in mine !

THE LOVE LIGHTS OF HOME

THE bird to the nest and the bee to the comb
When the night from the heavens falls dreary,
And Love to the light in the windows of home—
The light of the love of my dearie!

And Love to the light, like a swallow in flight,
When the storm blows the stars from the blue of the
night;
And a kiss from the red rose, a smile from the white,
In the gardens that bloom for my dearie!

The ships to the harbor from over the foam,
When the way has been stormy and weary,
And Love to the light in the windows of home—
The light of the love of my dearie!

THE LOVE LIGHTS OF HOME

And Love to the light, like the bloom from the
 blight,
When the spring suns weave wonders of red and of
 white,
And the darkness of winter is kissed to the bright
 In the gardens that bloom for my dearie.

The bird to the nest and the bee to the comb,
 And never a night shall fall dreary
While the lights in the beautiful windows of home
 Are lit by the love of my dearie !

And Love to the light, like a bird from the night,
Where angels in lilies Love's litanies write,
And a kiss from the crimson, a smile from white,
 In the gardens that bloom for my dearie !

SUMMER'S FAREWELL

THE maples seem to murmur, the lilies seem to sigh,
For Summer says good-by,
For Summer says good-by;
And the dew upon the daisy's like a tear-drop from
the sky,
For Summer says good-by—
Good-by!

The sunflower fain would follow, the lily whispers,
"Stay!"
When Summer says good-by,
When Summer says good-by;
In all the crimson closes the roses weep; "Delay!"
When Summer says good-by—
Good-by!

But she calls her children 'round her 'neath the sorrow
of the sky,
And kisses them good-by,
And kisses them good-by;
Then passes from their presence, while the echo of a sigh
Drifts heavenward with "Good-by—
Good-by!"

INDIAN SUMMER DAY

THERE'S a lulling song of locusts and the hum of
golden bees
And you almost hear the sap flow through the thrilled
veins of the trees;
And the hazy, mazy, dazy, dreaming world around you
seems
Like a mystic land enchanted—like a paradise of
dreams!

Blue smoke from happy huts—
A rain of ripened nuts;
And far o'er meadows ringing
Sweet sounds as of a woman singing
"Comin' through the rye—
"Comin' through the rye!"

And then the faint, uncertain, silver tenor of a bell
That summons all the winds to prayer in many a clois-
tered dell;

INDIAN SUMMER DAY

And then—a thrush's music from groves with golden
gleams,
The wild note of the mocking-bird—and still the dreams
—the dreams !

Blue smoke from happy huts—
A rain of ripened nuts ;
And far, o'er golden meadows ringing,
Sweet sounds as of a woman singing
“Comin' through the rye—
“Comin' through the rye !”

A HOLIDAY NOTE

WITHOUT—the snow; within—the glow
Of flames from oak logs hissing,
And lips that 'neath the mistletoe
Are red enough for kissing!

THE OLD RAIL FENCE

THE old rail fence with aimless angles
Curved round the scented fields of old;
And wild, blown vines in quaintest tangles
Bloomed there in purple and in gold.
And winds went over, cool and sweet,
With rivery ripples in the wheat.

The white road to the river knew it—
The river running wild and fleet;
A cabin-path went winding to it,
With light prints of a boy's bare feet.
And cattle in the woods at morn
Roamed by and nipped the bending corn.

In corners cool the plowman rested
When rang the welcome bells of noon;
And there the thrush and partridge nested
And sang the mocking-birds of June.

THE OLD RAIL FENCE

And winds were sweet with muscadines,
And blooms were on the melon-vines.

There twilight paused in rosy dreaming,
And o'er the riot of the rills
When starlight on the world was streaming
Rose the love-song of whippoorwills,
And with the music and the stars
Love met his sweetheart at the bars.

There, with the evening shadows falling,
In cabin door a woman stands ;
And far and sweet her voice is calling,
And children heed her beckoning hands.
There, for the weary ones that roam,
Twinkle the dreamy lights of Home.

.
The corn still waves and vines are clinging ;
The larks are hid in bending grain ;
The birds sing, as my heart is singing,
Where, lonely in the woodland rain,
The old rail fence—its service o'er—
Curves round the blossoming fields no more.

THE OLD RAIL FENCE

Yet, there I halt my horse, and sighing,
Above the old rail fence I lean.
The snows upon life's pathway lying
Have left one living glimpse of green !
And still, through change of time and art,
The old rail fence runs round my heart !

A SONG IN JUNE

DRY upon the field and plain—
Dry on copse and clover;
Not a single drop of rain
To tilt the lily over!

Whistle for the wind in vain:
Not a blossom quivers!
Not a diamond drop of rain
To dimple drowsy rivers.

O for just a rumpling breeze
O'er the prospect sunny!
One—to blow the golden bees
Flowerward, to the honey!

Just a whiff to stir the still
Daisies in the meadow,
And to toss o'er vale and hill
Clouds of rainy shadow!

A SONG IN JUNE

O the fainting field and plain!
O the thirsting clover!
Not a single drop of rain
To tilt the lily over!

THE REAPERS

THE long day's toil was over—

A bird sang in a tree ;
The sunshine kissed the clover
Good-by, and—she kissed me !

Then lovelier seemed the sunshine,
And sweeter sang the bird ;
And if the clover listened
My throbbing heart it heard.

For all day long, a-reaping
In fields of silver shine,
I felt her heart a-creeping
And cuddling close to mine.

And lighter seemed the labor,
And winsomer the wheat
That spread its golden tresses
For the falling of her feet.

And when the toil was over
A bird sang in a tree ;
The sunshine kissed the clover
Good-night, and—she kissed me !

WEARY FOR HER

I'M weary
For my dearie
From the mornin' to the night;
I'm missin'
Of her kissin'
An' her footsteps fallin' light—
O I'm weary
For my dearie
From the mornin' to the night!

I'm weary
For my dearie
When the lark flies o'er the loam;
When the meadows
Feel the shadows
An' the cows come lowin' home—
O I'm weary
For my dearie
An' she's far away from home!

WEARY FOR HER

I'm weary
For my dearie
When the hearthstone flickers bright ;
When the lily
Dews fall chilly
An' the hollows hold the night—
O I'm weary
For my dearie
An' her black eyes beamin' bright !

So weary
For you, dearie—
An' you're hidin' from my sight—
An' the blossom
Seeks your bosom,
An' the snow falls ghostly-white,
Where you're sleepin'
An' I'm weepin'
From the mornin' to the night !

A SONG OF THANKS

THANKFUL for strength in strife :
For faith more steadfast than the stars
above ;
Thankful that life is life,
And love is love.

Thankful for homes, and herds
That hide the hills ; for harvests ultimate ;
For the sweet, prattling words
Of children at the gate.

For Hope's "Good-morning," and
Faith's sweet "Good-night," when we are
realmed in rest,
Led by an unseen hand
Safe to an unseen breast.

THE SINGER CROWNED

THE light came softly streaming
The day the singer died ;
They whispered, "He is dreaming ;"
He lay so tranquil-eyed.

No vision of Death's river
Flashed on the waiting throng ;
The pale lips seemed to quiver
Still with immortal song.

And nations came and crowned him
With laurels of their love ;
The deathless glory round him
Seemed like to that above.

But greater than all glory
Of worlds, or worlds to be,
Was Love's last, sweetest story
In Love's simplicity.

THE SINGER CROWNED

For to the singer, sleeping,
Where none could heed or mark,
A little child came creeping,
With lilies in the dark.

And 'mid the laurels gleaming,
With trembling hands and fair,
Laid them above his dreaming—
Kissed them, and left them there.

THE SKY FOR YOU

O THE future sky is the bluest sky,
With never a cloud in view;
But the sky today is the truest sky,
And that is the sky for you!

For the work you have to do;
For the lives that lean on you;
Or gold, or gray,
'Tis the sky today,
And that is the sky for you!

There's a bird that sings to the future sky,
Where the blossoms drip with dew;
But the bird today makes the song of May,
And that is the song for you!

For the work you have to do;
For the hearts that cling to you,
'Tis the sweetest song
As it thrills along,
And that is the song for you.

GOING HOME TO MARY

BIRDS seemed singing all the way
Going home to Mary;
Roses on a winter's day,
Going home to Mary.
I can hear my heart beat time
With the bells that sweetly chime;
Happiest man that lives when I'm
Going home to Mary!

Far away her smile I see,
Going home to Mary;
How it lights the way for me,
Going home to Mary!
There, in groves where nests the dove,
In a cot with blooms above,
Still she lights the lamp o' love—
Going home to Mary!

GOING HOME TO MARY

Down the walk come pattering feet,
 Going home to Mary!
Children's arms and kisses sweet,
 Going home to Mary!
Rob' comes climbing to my knee,
Katie wants a kiss from me;
"Loves me all the world," says she,—
 Home with love and Mary.

Shine the lights forever more,
 Going home to Mary!
Love still leads me to the door,
 Going home to Mary!
For her sake my toil is sweet,
For her sake my heart'll beat
Till it's dust beneath her feet—
 Going home to Mary!

A PROVIDENTIAL CHRISTMAS

WHEN our sweet Mary run away
(It's fifteen year this Christmas Day)
An' married, 'peared like William, he,
Would lose his mind eternally!
Fer he wuz sot ag'in it so—
Our Mary marryin' of *Joe*,
Dave Spinks' boy, he up an' said
He'd almos' ruther see her dead
An' buried! Fer that Joe, he jest
Outdone the patience of the best.
No larnin'; head as hard as wood;
An' what some folks would call "no good."
But gals is strange; an' Mary, she,
Somehow, could allus git 'roun' *me*.
When I'd say "No!" her blue eyes jes'
Looked right in mine an' twinkled "Yes!"
So when the corn wuz to be groun'—
On days when William warn't aroun'—

A PROVIDENTIAL CHRISTMAS

Here'd come that Joe from Spinks' place,
A-sparkin' Mary 'fore my face!

But once he come too frequent; 'peared
To *like* the *risk*: said *he* warn't 'feared
Of William ketchin' *him*. But—my!
Jest in the twinklin' of a eye
We heard a footstep in the hall,
An' *William come* an'—ketched us *all*!
I rickollect it jest as well
As ef 'twuz yesterday. . . . Hearn tell
Of people "mad as thunder"? Shoo!
William wuz thunder'n' lightnin', too!
He looked at me, he looked at Mary,
An' we—we kinder looked contrary.
An' then I poked the fire to jest
Give my scart eyes a chance to rest!

Then William sorter started back—
Wheeled 'roun' an' reached up to the rack
An' got his rifle! raised it—cocked
The trigger, an' the door thar—*locked*!

A PROVIDENTIAL CHRISTMAS

Mary an' me a-screamin'; Joe—
None of us ever 'peared to know
Jest how he did; but in a flash
Joe went out by the winder-sash,
An' took it with him—shore as fate!
Likewise ten palin's an' the *gate*!
An' with all that encumberence
Cl'ared a big ditch an' ten-rail fence!

Not much was said when Joe wuz gone:
The night—it went a-wearin' on,
With me not raisin' of my head,
An' Mary hidin' out in bed.
An' fer two days—or mebbe *three*—
William, he never speaks to me;
An' when he did, 'twuz jest to say,
Ef once more that chap crost his way
He'd cheat the gallus; an' went on
Jest thataway. But Joe wuz gone
Fer good, an' like a man of sense,
William went fixin' up his fence
An' winder-sash.

A PROVIDENTIAL CHRISTMAS

But one dark night,
When William wuz a-sleepin' right
An' dreamin' pleasant dreams, I hears
A noise outside, then, creakin' stairs;
An' I wakes William, but—too late!
The door stood open, an' the gate
Had been swung to 'fore he got down,
An' Joe an' Mary gone to town!
I knowed they'd fotched us all to taw,
An' William wuz Joe's father-in-law!

No use to talk 'bout William! He
Wuz mad, an' had a right to be;
An' so wuz I. But while I cried,
William was at the station: tried
To stop 'em all by telegraph—
Spent 'bout two dollars an' a half—
When word came they wuz married, *shore!*
"I'll never see her face no more!"
Said William.

Fer about a year
He went on like he didn't care

A PROVIDENTIAL CHRISTMAS

To hear a word of her. When she
Would write long letters home to me,
An' ask ef she could come; an' tell
How Joe wuz doin' mighty well—
Had bought a house an' lot o' lan'
On this here new instalment plan,
An' wuz a different kind of Joe
From the old one we use to know—
He'd take no int'rust—never read
A letter; not one word he said.
But one thing give me hope, fer he
Would allus listen *patiently*.

But when two year had passed (believe
It happened on a Christmas Eve—
Course, *I'd* seen Mary in that time,
And give her baby many a dime!)
We sot one night—a lonesome pair—
In sight o' Mary's vacant chair.
An' oh! so lonesome 'peared the place,
The tears come tricklin' down my face.

A PROVIDENTIAL CHRISTMAS

Then William, he reached over an'
Smoothed back my hair, an' took my han',
An' said: "Ef Mary'd come tonight,
I reckon it would be all right:
I'm feelin' lonesome, too!"

I'm one
That b'lieves in Providence, an' none
Kin shake my faith. He hadn't said
Them words before I raised my head,
Heard feet outside, clost by the door;
An' then a voice we'd hearn before!
An' then, *two* voices; then a knock—
Not loud. . . . The key turned in the lock,
The door wuz opened wide, an' oh!
Thar stood our Mary an' her Joe,
An' that sweet baby on her breast!
Is't any use to tell the rest—
How Mary said, "Kin we come in?"
An' William, "You jest bet you kin!"
How the child crowed and 'peared to be
A-reachin' fer the arms o' me!

A PROVIDENTIAL CHRISTMAS

An' William sorter squared his jaw,
Then laughed, an' called Joe *son-in-law*!
An' kissed the baby, an' jumped 'roun'
Like *he'd* been lost, an' jest wuz found!

.

Been many a merry Christmas sence,
But *that* wuz special Providence!

A RAINY DAY

WOMEN likes a rainy day—suits 'em to a "t";
Men-folks set aroun' an' growl, mis'bul as kin be;
It's women's time fer rumagin' in chists an' trunks an'
things;
Fer readin' old love letters an' foolin' with old rings.

I sometimes watch Maria when the groun's been wet a
spell,
An' the rain is fallin' lonesome, an' nobody's feelin'
well;
How she bustles roun' as busy as a bumble-bee an'
takes
The pictur's down an' dusts 'em till a feller has the
shakes!

A RAINY DAY

An' the old chist inside out'ards—quilts an' patches on
the floor;
An' the letters what I writ her,—spellin' through 'em
all once more;
An' she smiles while she's a-readin', an' sometimes
you'll see a tear
A-fallin' on the paper that she's kep' fer twenty year!

An' then I've got to comfort her, an' so I makes a
show,
An' tells her it's the rainy day what hurts her feelin's so;
An' jest *one word*—it starts her on the biggest kind of
cry,
Till I almos' wish thar'd never been no happy days
gone by!

That's how the weather does 'em — these women!
Never saw
A fine, sunshiny day but they was layin' down the law.
But rainy days is women's time fer lookin' over things,
Fer readin' old love letters and foolin' with old rings.

TAKING THE BABY'S PICTURE

I

MOLLY, she made it up that she—
Seein' the baby had jest turned three
Months—an' maybe a day or two—
An' 'twuz 'bout decided his eyes wuz blue
An' all o' the hair that he had wuz red
An' startin' to blossom roun' his head;
Molly, she made it up that she
Would take the baby, the gals an' me,
An' have the little one's pictur' took
To have at home in the album book.

II

That warn't much to decide, but wait—
Thar's trouble comin', an' lots to state!
Fer, though the baby enjoyed the ride—
Rocked in the wagon, from side to side,
An' never a time on the journey cried,

TAKING THE BABY'S PICTURE

When we sot him down in the pictur' tent—
Whar they made tintypes fer the settlement,
'Twuz a change surprisin' he underwent!
Fer when he seen that contraption tall,
What takes yer face, an' yer clothes an' all,
P'inted at him, he give a squall
(His mother holdin'—fer fear he'd fall)
An' they couldn't git him that time at all!

III

Then the man—he held up a dollar bright,
An' says: "Look here!—Now we'll git him right!"
An' the baby opened his mouth so wide
It 'peared like the dollar would drap inside!
But the man kept holdin' it fur away—
The baby laughin', an' in fer play;
"An' now," he hollered, "we'll git him shore!"
An' p'inted that thing at his face once more.
Lordy! it wuzn't no use at all!
It took his mother—the gals, an' all
To hold him still in the high old chair—
Kickin' an' screamin'! . . . They called him "Dear,"

TAKING THE BABY'S PICTURE

An' "Honey," an' "Purty;" but 'twarn't no use:
He kept on yellin', an' jest kicked loose!

IV

How many times that feller tried
To git that baby, I can't decide!
He give him candy—a rattle—more
Things than they keep in a Christmas store!
An' lost six hours, he said; an' then
He was one o' the maddest o' pictur' men!
An' he says to the mother: "Ef I wuz you
I'd strop that baby—that's what I'd do!
Fer he's 'bout the worst that I ever seen—
With a temper p'intedly bad an' mean!
An' now," says he, "you have got to pay
Fer all o' the time that I lost today!"
An' went on talkin' jest thataway.

.

Well, the mother, she fell to cryin', an'
Told him he warn't much of a man

TAKING THE BABY'S PICTURE

To talk that way o' the sweetest one
An' purtiest baby under the sun!
An' she wuz sart'in *he* didn't have none!
Then, I chipped in—fer she kept on cryin'—
An' said: "That young'un, old boy, is mine!"
An' then we clinched! . . . an' we fit an' fout
Fer half a hour, or nigh about—
Till the pictur' man wuz knocked clean out!
.
An' the baby's pictur' wuz never took
To keep at home in the album book!

A HAPPY FELLOW

HE wuz the happiest feller alive :
Don't keer how trouble would try him ;
Lovin' his brothers
An' doin' to others
Jest like he'd have 'em do by him.

Summer or winter—he still wuz content :
Don't keer how corn wuz a-sellin'—
Wheat tumblin' over
An' “corners” on clover—
Trouble kep' cl'ar of his dwellin' !

Sunshine or cyclones, it still wuz the same—
Never wuz rattled a minute ;
Take all his money,
An' skies wuz still sunny ;
“Providence—providence in it !”

A HAPPY FELLOW

That wuz his sayin', no matter what come,
And when, with the love of a brother,
That never counts loss,
Wants no crown fer a cross—
He laid down his life fer another,—

He jest sorter smiled 'fore his spirit took flight
To heaven (ain't no better man in it!),
Went under the rod
With them last words: "Thank God!
Providence—providence in it!"

THIS WORLD

THIS world that we're a-livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You git a thorn with every rose,
But *ain't* the roses *sweet!*

THE CHRISTMAS FIDDLE

THAR'S somethin' in a fiddle's sound that somehow
shakes an' fills

My soul with sweeter music than the song of whippoor-
wills,

Or the wild notes of the mockin' bird when spring is in
her prime,

But best of all I loves 'em when they're playin' *Christ-
mas* time!

When the cabin fires air blazin' an' the holly-berries red
With temptin' twigs of mistletoe air hangin' overhead;
When a feller's eyes air chasin' of the dimples of the
gyrls,

An' he's lost his way forever in the tangle of their curls.

Then I likes to hear the fiddle, for it's most uncommon
sweet;

Thar's a twinkle in my eyes then an' a fidget in my feet;

THE CHRISTMAS FIDDLE

When the gyrls air gittin' ready fer the dancin', soon
to be,

It's *halleluiah* season to the very soul of me!

When I see the old-time fiddler who's heard the fiddle
sing

Fer many a frosty winter—in summer time, in spring,
Lay by his coat an' strike a note, it's "Brethren, bar the
door!"

Fer I know that trouble's comin' on that cabin's sandy
floor!

When I hear that: "Swing your partners!"—they know
whar *I'll* be foun'—

My arms jest full of sweetness an' the room a-goin'
roun'!

An', "Ladies to the center!" an' "Han's roun'!" *that'll*
do!

Fer a gyrl's han's mighty tender when she's holdin'
han's with you!

The heavy hail kin patter on the shingle roof on high;
The snow kin beat the snowbirds from their cradles
clost the sky,

THE CHRISTMAS FIDDLE

The cows kin miss the clover on the hillside fur an' free,
But in joy I'm rollin' over when the fiddle sings to me!

But it's allus sweeter, *sweeter* when the holly's hangin'
high

An' the Christmas lamps air lighted in the winders of
the sky;

An' I think ef I wuz dyin' I would still be feelin' prime
As the liveliest angel flyin', with a fiddle Christmas
time!

TEN ACRES FOR HIM

TALK erbout this here country “goin’ to ruin”—
why,

You might as well say that the Lord’s away from the
bend o’ the big blue sky!

It’s still the same ole country—the biggest one an’ the
best;

An’ I’m willin’ to take ten acres an’ trust the Lord fer
the rest!

Never no reason in it—“goin’ to ruin!” see!—

The sun climbs up from the hills an’ says “Good morn-
in’ ” to you an’ me,

An’ a sweet “good night” when he’s goin’ to the west
whar the shadders stay,

An’ somethin’ that sorter whispers: “I’ll see you at
break o’ day!”

TEN ACRES FOR HIM

Never no reason in it! I'm willin' to take my chance;
You'd better git out the supper things—the gals air
comin' to dance.

Talk 'bout “goin' to ruin”—we're happy from east to
west,

An' I'm willin' to take ten acres an' trust the Lord fer
the rest!

THE LITTLE ONE

I AIN'T afeared on Death to look—on the lan', or the
fur-off sea ;

Fer Death once come to my home an' took a little one
off from me ;

An' thar wuzn't a smile for a lonesome while in the
home whar she use to be,—

I ain't afeared o' Death sence he took a little one off
from me !

She wuzn't afeared ! . . . fer day by day—still, on the
mother's breast,

Uncomplainin' she went away,—we whisperin' : “God
knows best !”

Never a word from her lips wuz heard as the days an'
the nights went on—

Only the arms roun' the mother after the soul wuz gone !

I reckon it's right, but somehow I'm allus wantin' to
know

Jest why the good Lord took her from the ones that
loved her so ?

THE LITTLE ONE

Minister says: "'Twuz to bring us all close in the
Master's keep;''

But for her I'd take my chances out with the poor, lost
sheep!

Ef I only knowed she wuz livin'—thar, whar she use
to be—

Ef only she had the daylight, an' the darkness come on
me!

Ef only, when the shadders come up from the cloudin'
west,

I could hear the mother callin' her home, an' rockin'
her still to rest!

.

But she's gone the way that we all must go, an' the
mother an' me must moan;

She wuz sich a leetle bit of a thing to go in the dark
alone!

But sweet, an' uncomplainin' she lived her happy day
An' I ain't afeared on Death to look sence the little one
went that way!

A KNOW-NOTHING FELLOW

THE harvest winds air sweeping over valleys cool
an' deep ;

The fields air ripe fer reapin', but—I dunno how to
reap !

The hay is stacked an' ready—the teamsters look alive ;

The mules air pullin' steady, but—I dunno how to drive !

Jest stand idle

By the fiel' an' hill ;

Dunno nothin',

An' I never will !

Fiddle's jest a-goin', an' they tell me it's my chance ;

Gals air mighty purty, but—I dunno how to dance !

Comin' to the doorway—axin' of me in,

Wantin' me to marry, but—I dunno how I kin !

Jest stand idle

By the fiel' an' hill ;

Dunno nothin',

An' I never will !

A KNOW-NOTHING FELLOW

Folks—they take an' tell me that they never seen the
like!

Never ever in the way when lightnin's goin' to strike;
Say the time is flyin' while I'm a-standin' by;
Do much better *dyin'*, but—I dunno how to die!

Jest keep loafin'

By the fiel' an' hill;

Dunno nothin',

An' I never will!

HOW I SPOKE THE WORD

THE snow come down in sheets of white
An' made the pine trees shiver;
'Peared like the world had said good-night
An' crawled beneath the kiver.

The river's shiny trail wuz gone—
The winds sung out a warnin';
The mountains put their nightcaps on
An' said: "Good-by till mornin'!"

'Twuz jest the night in fiel' an' wood
When cabin homes look cozy,
An' fine oak fires feel mighty good,
An' women's cheeks look rosy.

An' that remin's me. We wuz four,
A-settin' by the fire;
But still it 'peared ten mile or more
Betwixt me an' Maria!

HOW I SPOKE THE WORD

The old man—he wuz readin', at
The middle, nigh the mother;
An' from two corners, 'crost the cat,
We jest *looked* at each other.

An' though Maria said no word,
Each bright eye, like a rover,
Kep' talkin', till I sorter heard:
“Speak, John, an' have it over!”

An' then I speaks! I give a cough,
(The way we all begin it!)
Then reeled the English langwidge off
At 'bout a mile a minute!

“I've got some feelin's to express,”
I said, “about Maria!”
(The old man eyed me, then said: “Yes;
She's most too nigh the fire!”)

“I don't mean fire,” I floundered on
(He shet the dog-eared pages),
“I thought I'd ax—” He stopped me: “John,
You want a raise in wages?”

HOW I SPOKE THE WORD

“No, sir!” (I caught that eye of his,
An’ then I fit an’ floundered!)
“The thing I want to tell you is—”
Says he: “The old mare’s *founded*?”

“No, sir! it ain’t about no hoss!”
(My throat begin to rattle!)
“I see,” he said, “another loss
In them fine Jersey cattle!”

An’ then I lost my patience! Then
I hollered high and higher
(You could ’a heard me down the glen):
“*No, sir! I want Maria!*”

“An’ now,” says I, “the shaft’ll strike:
He’ll let *that* statement stay so!”
He looked at me astonished-like,
Then yelled: “*Why didn’t you say so?*”

THE FAMOUS MULLIGAN BALL

DID ever you hear of the Mulligan ball—the Mulligan ball so fine,

Where we formed in ranks, and danced on planks, and
swung 'em along the line?

Where the first Four Hundred of the town moved at
the music's call?

There was never a ball in the world at all—like the
famous Mulligan ball!

Town was a bit of a village then and never a house or
shed

From street to street and beat to beat was higher than
Mulligan's head!

And never a theater troupe came round to 'liven us
spring or fall,

And so Mulligan's wife she says, says she: "Plaze
God, I'll give a ball!"

THE FAMOUS MULLIGAN BALL

And she did—God rest her, and save her, too ! (I'm
liftin' to her my hat !)

And never a ball at all, at all, was half as fine as that !

Never no invitations sent—nothin' like that at all ;

But the whole Four Hundred combed their hair and
went to the Mulligan ball.

And “Take yer places !” says Mulligan, “an' dance
till you shake the wall !”

And I led Mrs. Mulligan off as the lady that gave the
ball ;

And we whirled around till we shook the ground, with
never a stop at all ;

And I kicked the heels from my boots—please God—
at the famous Mulligan ball.

Mulligan jumped till he hit the roof, and the head of
him went clean through it !

The shingles fell on the floor pell-mell ! Says Mulligan :
“Faith, I knew it !”

THE FAMOUS MULLIGAN BALL

But we kept right on when the roof was gone, with
never a break at all;
We danced away till the break o' day at the famous
Mulligan ball.

But the best of things must pass away like the flowers
that fade and fall,
And it's fifty years, as the records say, since we danced
at Mulligan's ball;
And the new Four Hundred never dance like the Mulli-
gans danced—at all,
And I'm longing still, though my hair is gray, for a ball
like Mulligan's ball!

And I drift in dreams to the old-time town, and I hear
the fiddle sing;
And Mulligan sashays up and down till the rafters rock
and ring!
Suppose, if I had a woman's eyes, maybe a tear would
fall
For the old-time fellows who took the prize at the
famous Mulligan ball!

SWEET LITTLE WOMAN OF MINE

SHE ain't any bit of a angel—
This sweet little woman o' mine;
She's jest a plain woman,
An' purty much human—
This sweet little woman o' mine.

Fer what would I do with a angel
When I looked for the firelight's shine?
When six little sinners
Air wantin' their dinners?
No! Give me this woman o' mine!

I've hearn lots o' women called "angels,"
An' lots o' 'em thought it wuz fine;
But give 'em the feathers,
An' me, in all weathers,
This sweet little woman o' mine.

I jest ain't got nuthin' agin 'em—
These angels—they're good in their line,
But they're sorter above me!
Thank God that she'll love me—
This dear little woman o' mine.

ACCORDING TO JOHN

MY John—he ain't rollin' in riches,
But he's mine when his money is gone;
An' I tell him my sweetest religion
Is the gospel accordin' to John.

His han's they air hard with the toilin',
He's up with the lark o' the dawn;
But I cheer him along with my singin'—
The songs o' the gospel o' John!

An' still in the joy an' the sorrow
While the sunset o' life's comin' on,
My dearest an' sweetest religion
Is the gospel accordin' to John!

WHY THE WEDDING WAITS

I SORTER thought I'd speak my mind next time I
went to see
Elviry, but—they'll never make a orator of me!
Fer ever' time I struck a word I'd sorter choke an'
cough,
An' that's why I can't tell you when the weddin's
comin' off!

I looked at her a-settin' by the fire blazin' bright—
Her cheeks like two red roses an' her eyes like lakes o'
light,
An' I think I said 'twuz snowin'—kinder keerless like
an' free,—
An' that's why I can't tell you when the weddin' is to
be!

WHY THE WEDDING WAITS

The quiet—it got painful; you could hear a feather
fall;

We wuz 'bout as interestin' as the shadders on the wall;
But last I said: "Elviry!" an' she turned an' *looked*
at me,

An' that's why I can't tell you when the weddin' is to
be!

I'm good at campaign speeches, an' I allus win my
race;

Kin speak my mind in meetin' an' sing "Amazin'
Grace!"

But when Elviry's by my side I lose my pedigree,
An' that's why I can't tell you when the weddin' is to
be!

If women didn't look so sweet, an' didn't keep so still,
P'r'aps 'twould come as easy as rollin' down a hill;
But when I say: "Elviry!" she's shore to look at me,
An' that's why I can't tell you when the weddin' is to
be!

THIRTY YEARS AFTER

BEEN thirty year sence the fightin'—though it don't
seem long as that

Sence I follered "Stonewall" Jackson, with nary shoe
or hat,

Through the valleys o' Virginny an' ev'rywhar' else he
went—

Thirty year sence I got back home to the burnt-out
settlement.

But the world, it's been a-movin', fer I am a-gittin'
gray,

An' still, somehow, when I look around I *feel* it slippin'
away ;

The roses come in the spring-time—the frost is *shore*
in the fall,

But still it seems to a old man's dreams like thar warn't
no war at all.

THIRTY YEARS AFTER

A change is come to the country; the fields whar I use
to plow
Is paved with stone, an' the steeples is risin' above 'em
now;
The woods whar I went a-huntin' is roarin' with noisy
crowds,
An' the lakes whar I done my fishin' is gone clean up
in the clouds.

Oh, the country, it's a-movin', an' 'pears to be movin'
right;
Thar's a brighter sun in the daytime, an' lots more
stars by night;
The people's a-comin' closer, an' larnin' the Golden
Rule—

Lots o' the women votin' an' the niggers goin' to school.

Whenever I git to thinkin'—as I *do* think—o' the war,
A-tryin' constant to figger out the things we was fightin'
fer,

I kinder decide it was Providence a-workin' its wisest
ends—

Purifyin' through fire an' makin' us better friends.

THIRTY YEARS AFTER

I think we're a-doin' better than we done 'fore the
trouble come;

Got use' to the stars an' stripes once more an' done
beat sense in the drum!

I've danced to "Yankee Doodle" on the mountain an'
the plain,

An' I've heerd 'em cheerin' "Dixie" from Texas clean
to Maine!

Old things is changed in a twinklin'—it's hard to on-
ravel *how*,

But, north an' south, under one old flag they're
"Marchin' through Georgy" now;

An' I'm glad I lived to see it, an' spite o' my years
I'm bound

Ef I don't jest feel, from head to heel, like shakin' hands
all round!

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY

SHE'S up there—Old Glory—she's waving o'erhead;
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red,
And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead—
She's the flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant-dealt scars,
No blur on her brightness—no stain on her stars;
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars—
She's the flag of our country forever!

THE FIGHT

O THE glory and the story of the fight,
The dashing of the war steeds in the strife—
The charge, and the retreat,
And the flag the winding sheet
Of faces staring starward from the strife—
Lost to life.
And the wailing of the mother and the wife !

O the glory and the story of the fight !
The leaving for the battleground of Fate—
With glory for the goal,
Where the cannon thunders roll,
And kisses for the woman at the gate,
Who shall wait
For the unreturning footsteps, long and late ! .

THE WARSHIP DIXIE

THEY'VE named a cruiser "Dixie"—that's what
the papers say—

An' I hears they're goin' to man her with the boys that
wore the gray;

Good news! It sorter thrills me and makes me want
to be

Whar the band is playin' "Dixie" an' the "Dixie" puts
to sea.

They've named a cruiser "Dixie," an', fellers, I'll be
boun'

You're goin' to see some fightin' when the "Dixie"
swings eroun'!

Ef any o' them Spanish ships'll strike her east or west,
Jest let the ban' play "Dixie" an' the boys'll do the
rest!

THE WARSHIP DIXIE

I want to see that "Dixie"—I want to take my stan'
On the deck of her, an' holler: "Three cheers for Dixie
lan'!"

She means we're all united—the war hurts healed away,
An' "Way Down South in Dixie" is national to-day!

I bet she's a good 'un! I'll stake my last red cent
Thar ain't no better timber in the whole blamed settle-
ment!

An' all their shiny battleships beside that ship are tame,
Fer, when it comes to "Dixie," thar's somethin' in a
name!

Here's three cheers an' a tiger—as hearty as kin be,
An' let the ban' play "Dixie" when the "Dixie" puts
to sea!

She'll make her way an' win the day from shinin' east
to west—

Jest let the ban' play "Dixie" an' the boys'll do the
rest!

THE BILLVILLE DEBATE

BRETHHERIN had a meetin'—jest as lively as could
be;

Subject for discussion: "Is Salvation Really Free?"
Fer the rival meetin' houses talked it out from dark to
dawn,
That they'd save the Presbyterians, but—the Methodists
wuz gone!

The Baptists said 'twuz sartin as the mornin' follered
night
That they had the road to glory an' wuz runnin' of it
right;
An' the proud Episcopalians said the thing wuz plain
as day
That they'd have to take the gospel the Episcopalian
way!

THE BILLVILLE DEBATE

The Methodists was 'mong 'em an' holdin' to their
place,

An' stickin' to their privilege of fallin' 'way from grace ;
An' so, they met together, jest as earnest as could be,
To settle that big question: "Is Salvation Really Free?"

They talked from dark to day-time—they shouted out
their views ;

They made the pulpit trimble—ripped the railin' off the
pews ;

But they come to no decision till a preacher says, says
he :

"It's sartin, in this neighborhood, salvation's really free !

"An' I'll prove it! Come up, brethren, till you're all
in hearin' reach :

Jest tell me whar's that salary you promised me to
preach?

You've been feedin' on the gospel till the souls of you
are fat,

An' the preacher's coat is threadbare an' the wind
howls through his hat!

THE BILLVILLE DEBATE

“You listen to the sarmont, but the whole contented crowd,

When we takes up a collection, are a-snorin’ long and loud!

Can’t hear the hymn we’re singin’—the basket never see,
An’ it’s my onbiased jedgment that you’ve got salvation free!”

The Presbyterian preacher said he’d sign his name to that;

The Baptists said ’twuz sartin that the brother had it pat!

The Episcopalians j’ined him thar: ’Twuz plain as plain could be

The people in that neighborhood had got salvation free!

One man laid down a dollar; another one give five;
Then tens an’ twenties fluttered till the meetin’ looked alive!

An’ the last seen of the preachers—they wuz jottin’ down their notes

An’ havin’ of their measures took fer bran new broad-cloth coats!

THE VETERANS

WE met at Chickamauga. I hadn't seen him since
We looked across the trenches and his bullet
made me wince ;

But we both shook hands in friendship, as hearty as
could be,

Though he had marched with Sherman and I had
marched with Lee.

We walked across the battlefield where once the bullets
flew,

And the green and bending grasses felt the fall of crim-
son dew,

And we talked the whole thing over where the flag was
waving free

How he had marched with Sherman and I had served
with Lee.

THE VETERANS

The drums had ceased their beating. We saw no sabers
shine,

The hair about his forehead fell as snowy white as mine,
And voices seemed to call us o'er the far, eternal sea,
Where the men who marched with Sherman are in
camp with those of Lee.

We parted; eyes grew misty, for we knew that never-
more,

Would we meet until the roll-call on the other peaceful
shore,

But both shook hands in friendship as hearty as could be,
Though he had marched with Sherman and I had fought
with Lee.

A SOUTHERN VOLUNTEER

YES, sir, I fought with Stonewall,
And faced the fight with Lee;
But if this here Union goes to war,
Make one more gun for me!
I didn't shrink from Sherman
As he galloped to the sea;
But if this here Union goes to war,
Make one more gun for me!

I was with 'em at Manassas—
The bully boys in gray;
I heard the thunders roarin'
Round Stonewall Jackson's way;
And many a time this sword of mine
Has blazed the route for Lee,
But if this old Union goes to war,
Make one more gun for me!

A SOUTHERN VOLUNTEER

I'm not so full o' fightin'
Nor half so full o' fun
As I was back in the sixties
When I shouldered my old gun.
It may be that my hair is white
(Such things, you know, must be),
But if this old Union's in for fight,
Make one more gun for me!

I hain't forgot my raisin',
Nor how, in sixty-two
Or thereabouts, with battle shouts,
I charged the boys in blue;
And I say, I fought with Stonewall
And blazed the way with Lee,
But if this old Union's in for war,
Make one more gun for me!

OLD "BOB WHITE"

WHEN peas is ripe you hear the call:
"Bob White!"

In music sweet the clear notes fall:

"Bob White!"

(He wants to let his sweetheart know—
That's why he keeps a-callin' so.)

Acrost the medder an' the swamp:

"Bob White!"

From woodlands where the rabbits romp:

"Bob White!"

Still, still he calls that name o' his
(I wonder where his sweetheart is?)

From dewy mornin' up to night:

"Bob White!"

An' ringin' down the sweet twilight:

"Bob White!"

From break o' day to evenin' dim,
He calls his sweetheart home to him!

PRAYIN' FOR RAIN

NEVER seen weather so powerful dry—
Burnt up the hill an' the plain;

An' I says to the deacon: "We'll perish," says I;
"We'd better be prayin' for rain."

An' "You're right," says the deacon, an' so we got
down

An' soon had 'em prayin' all over the town!

They prayed before breakfas', petitioned at noon:

"Good Lord, sen' the rain, sen' the rain!

We hain't had a drap sence the middle o' June—

The dry drought has ruint the grain.

The hills are on fire, an' the heat up on high

Is makin' big cracks in the blue o' the sky!"

They prayed in the mornin' and hollered all night,

Till at last come the ghost of a cloud—

A rollin' o' thunder—a flashin' o' light,

An' the big rain all over the crowd!

It swelled up the rivers, it deluged the town—

An' still the mad angels kep' flingin' it down!

PRAYIN' FOR RAIN

Never seen weather so powerful wet !

Ruint the corn an' the rye ;

An' I says to the deacon : "We're sufferin' yet,

We'd better be prayin' fer dry !"

An' "You're right," says the deacon ; an' so we got
down,

An' soon had 'em prayin' all over the town !

THE RATTLESNAKE'S SONG

I PAUSE to sew a button on
In some dim swamp or dell,
And when it's time for breakfast
I ring my rattle-bell.
My glance is keen and killing—
It charms them north and south;
The birds o' May—they lose their way
And hop into my mouth!
Zip! Zoon!
That's the tune
That charms 'em in the woods o' June!

The hounds that bay the woodlands
Where wild the hunters tread,
Beware my den, in swamp or glen,
Or 'neath my fangs fall dead!

THE RATTLESNAKE'S SONG

For, zip ! I am upon them,
Even while my rattle rings ;
Swift as a flash where thunders crash,
Or as the panther springs.
Zip ! Zoon !
That's the tune
That charms 'em in the woods o' June !

Yet wary am I of the world :
I lowly make my bed,
And there I hide me, coiled and curled—
A price upon my head ;
And who shall slay me praise shall win :
But who shall dare to tread
Where low I lie, with watchful eye,
Nor 'neath my fangs fall dead ?
Zip ! Zoon !
That's the tune
That charms 'em in the woods o' June !

“LITTLE TIN HO’N”

’TWUZ a year ago, on a Chris’mus mo’n,
Dat we hearn him blow en blow;
En’ his mammy call him, “Little Tin Ho’n”—
Chrismus, a year ago.
His mammy—she name him so,
Fer de music what he blow;
He wuz all she had,
En hit des too bad
Dat he out dar, under de snow!

We des sot by on dat Chris’mus mo’n
Fer ter heah him blow en blow;
En I never knowed dat a little tin ho’n
Could stir up de feelin’s so!
But somehow, I ’peared ter know
Dat him en de ho’n would go. . . .
He wuz all we had,
En hit des too bad
Dat he out dar, under de snow!

“LITTLE TIN HO’N”

En de Chris’mus come w’en de Christ wuz bo’n,
En de Chris’mus bugles blow;
But dey’s nuttin’ sweet ez de little Tin Ho’n
Dat lef’ us a year ago.
Nuttin’ so sweet, I know,
Ez de music what he blow;
He wuz all we had,
En hit des too bad
Dat he out dar, under de snow !

A LULLABY

SICH a li'l' feller, en he settin' up so wise!
Say he like his daddy, but he got his mammy's
eyes;

Angel tuck en drap him fum a winder in de skies—
By-bye, honey, twell de mawnin'.

Sich a li'l' feller, in de cunnin'es' er cloze!
Say he love his daddy, but his mammy's what he knows!
Foun' him in de springtime, en dey tuck him fer a rose—
By-bye, honey, twell de mawnin'.

Sich a li'l' feller, en he talkin' like a man!
By-bye, by-bye, kiss yo' li'l' han';
Lots er li'l' chillun in de sleepy lan'—
By-bye, honey, twell de mawnin'.

MISS NANCY

OH, I wonder whar Miss Nancy gone,
Fer de latch is on de do',
En de sunflower say:
"She gone dis way,"
En de sun don't shine no mo'.

Oh, I wonder whar Miss Nancy gone,
Fer de place look mighty still;
En de win', he say:
"Ef she gone my way
I'll find her, dat I will."

Oh, I wonder whar Miss Nancy gone,
While de shadders creep an' creep,
En de w'ipperwill
Fum crost de hill
Say: "I'm singin' her ter sleep!"

Oh, I wonder whar Miss Nancy gone,
Fer de sun gone vis'tin', too;
But de moonlight say:
"Ef she cross my way,
"I'll light her home to you!"

THE THRUSH SONG

BROWN t'rush singin' in de woods fur off;
"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle-tink!"

Dewdrap fallin' on de roseleaf sof' ;

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle-tink!"

O little honey!

Can't I coax you out?

Is you got a lover

You a-singin' erbout?

Brown t'rush singin' whar de vines run 'cross ;

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle-tink!"

Wes' win' callin' fer de li'l' chile dat los' :

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle-tink!"

O little honey!

Can't I coax you out?

Er is you got a lover

You a-singin' so erbout?

SWEET, MY HONEY

SWEET, my honey, dry yo' eyes,
When de rain come drappin' fum de lonesome
skies;

De worl' git thirsty fer a drap er dew,
En de sun gwine kiss it ter a rose fer you!

Sweet, my honey,
It'll soon be sunny—
Smile en dry yo' eyes!

Sweet, my honey, dry yo' eyes,
When de stars done drowned in de rainy skies;
De sun des ridin' in a bend o' blue,
En he'll kiss de rain draps ter a rose fer you.

Sweet, my honey,
It'll soon be sunny—
Smile en dry yo' eyes!

A SUMMER SONG

DE river crawl erlong so slow—
Wid not a word to say,
Look lak he dunno whar ter go
En sorter los' he way.

Hot times in Georgia—
Hot times, I say ;
Green trees whar de furrow end—
Chillun cl'ar de way!

De co'n blades dusty ez kin be
En want de rain ter come ;
Dey ax de wind ter lef de tree
En frolic wid 'em some.

Hot times in Georgia—
Hot times, I say ;
Shade tree at de furrow end—
Chillun cl'ar de way!

A SUMMER SONG

De mockin' bird done fol' he wing
En fly fum fiel' en plain;
He say: "Hit des too hot ter sing;
I wish dat raincrow'd rain!"

Hot times in Georgia—
Hot times, I say;
Shade trees at de furrow end,
Chillun cl'ar de way!

THE LOST BIRDS

D^E mockin' bird don fol' his wing
En hide away fum fros';
He des ain't got no heart ter sing,
Kase all he chillun los'.

Los' away
En gone astray—
En so he mo'nful night en day.

He buil' a straw nes' fur away,
In blossoms sof' en deep;
En dar he tell he chillun stay,
En sing 'em all ter sleep.

But de Win'—he say:
"Come, fly away!"
En so he miss 'em night en day.

THE LOST BIRDS

He look up at de big blue sky
What change fum long ergo,
En t'ink: He larn 'em how ter fly,
En den—dey lef' him so!

Los' away
En gone astray—
Dat why he mo'nful night en day.

En so, he take en fol' he wing
En hide away fum fros';
He des ain't got no heart ter sing,
Wid all he chillun los'.

Los' away—
Los'—los' away!
En so, he mo'nful night en day.

RABBIT SONG

O I want you, Mr. Rabbit, ter lem me pass—
Rabbit in de brier patch,
Rabbit in de brier patch;

O I want you, Mr. Rabbit, ter lem me pass,
Fer I ain't see my lover sence Sunday las',
En I gittin' in de grass, O I gittin' in de grass—
Lem me pass, Mr. Rabbit, lem me pass!

O I want you, Mr. Rabbit, ter lem me pass—
Rabbit in de brier patch,
Rabbit in de brier patch;

O I want you, Mr. Rabbit, ter lem me pass,
Fer de sun is a sinkin' en de dark comin' fas',
En my lover lookin' purty in de big lookin' glass—
Lem me pass, Mr. Rabbit, lem me pass!

MISTER BLIZZARD

MISTER BLIZZARD, he come 'long,
Say: "Dis country nice!"

Shake de winder wid he song—

Hang de house wid ice!

Oh, believer,

Walk de slippery way;

De winter col'

Freeze up yo' soul,

But you'll git warm some day!

Mister Blizzard puff en blow—

Shake me 'twell I blue!

Peepin'—creepin' in de do'—

"Br'er, whar is you?"

Oh, believer,

Walk de slippery way;

De winter col'

Freeze up yo' soul,

But you'll git warm some day!

MISTER BLIZZARD

Mister Blizzard sling de sleet—
Snow fall in de night;
Des so 'fraid he'll pinch her feet
Ole worl' tu'nin' white!

Oh, believer,
Walk de slippery way;
De winter col'
Freeze up yo' soul,
But you'll git hot some day!

HIS DREAM-MONEY

DE ol' owl holler, en de ol' owl scream,
En I wants dat money what I see in my
dream ;
Oh, my honey !
I wants dat money—
Dat money what I see in my dream !

De graveyard rabbit by de ol' mill stream,
En I wants dat money what I see in my dream ;
Bless God, honey !
I wants dat money—
Dat money what I see in my dream !

Ol' witch ridin' on de pale moonbeam,
En I wants dat money what I see in my dream ;
Bless God, honey !
I wants dat money—
Dat money what I see in my dream !

A PLANTATION DITTY

DE gray owl sing fum de chimbly top:
“Who—who—is—you-oo?”

En I say: “Good Lawd, hit’s des po’ me,
En I ain’t quite ready fer de Jasper Sea;
I’m po’ en sinful, en you ’lowed I’d be;
Oh, wait, good Lawd, ’twell ter-morrer!”

De gray owl sing fum de cypress tree:
“Who—who—is—you-oo?”
En I say: “Good Lawd, ef you look you’ll see
Hit ain’t nobody but des po’ me,
En I’ like ter stay ’twell my time is free;
Oh, wait, good Lawd, ’twell ter-morrer!”

A DOUBTER IN THE FOLD

DE 'gator eat de sturgeon,
De sturgeon eat de perch;
De perch, he take de minnow in:
Now, how dat go in church?

De heathen say: "I hongry:
Dey lef' me in de lurch."
He eat de missionary up:
Now, how dat go in church?

It's trouble, trouble, trouble:
You's mixed up on de way;
I hopes de Lawd'll specify
Dese t'ings on Jedgment Day!

MISS LUCY'S WAY

DE Bee hum in de blossom vine,
De Bird break out in song;
De Sun, he say: "I 'bleege ter shine,"
W'en Miss Lucy pass erlong.

O de bird break out in song
W'en Miss Lucy pass erlong,
En de Red Rose say
He'll lean her way,
W'en Miss Lucy pass erlong.

De River stop whar her footstep pass,
Do' de tide run fas' en strong,
En he say: "I'm heah fer yo' lookin' glass,"
W'en Miss Lucy pass erlong.

MISS LUCY'S WAY

O de Bird break out in song
W'en Miss Lucy pass erlong,
En de River say
“Hit's a holiday,”
W'en Miss Lucy pass erlong.

De Vi'let say: “I'm kin ter you,
En you musn't treat me wrong;”
En de green trees—dey bows “Howdy do!”
W'en Miss Lucy pass erlong.

O, de whole wor'd sing a song
W'en Miss Lucy pass erlong,
Hit sing en sing
Fer de weddin' ring
W'en Miss Lucy pass erlong.

MORNING SONG

O DE Sun rise up at de break er day,
En he shine twell de sky tu'n blue;
En de Sun he say:

“Hit's a long, long way,
En I got no time fer ter stop en play!”
En he shine all day, he shine all day,
For he don't sleep late lak' you !

O de Sun he rise at de break er day,
En de stars say: “Howdy do !”
But de Sun he say:
“You must cl'ar de way;
Fer I'm on my road, en I des can't stay;
My task is took fer ter shine all day,
Fer I don't sleep late lak' you !”

YOUNG MISS

YOUNG miss—she gone ter meetin'
A-lookin' fit ter kill;

She dress up so she make a show,
She'll ketch dem beaus—she will!

She up en out fo' sun-up,
En cook, en sweep, en milk;
She stir roun' some, en dat how come
Young miss she dress in silk.

Her han' des soft ez peaches,
Her cheek des red ez rose;
En dat what make dem brier take
En ketch on ter her cloze.

De sunbeam run longside er her
Des lak it run a race,
De river stop its quollin'
En try ter steal her face.

YOUNG MISS

De rabbit say: "She comin'!"

En hol' his years up high;

De mockin' bird, he hear de word

En sing ez she go by!

En when she git in meetin'

De organ start ter play;

De preacher look en shet de book

En dunno what ter say!

En yit, she rise fo' sun-up,

En cook, en sweep, en milk;

She stir roun' some, en dat how come

Young miss she dress in silk!

MISS LIZA

EVER'WHAR Miss Liza walk
You'll fin' dem vi'lets blue ;
En goodness knows
De sweetes' rose—
Hit go long dat way, too.

Oh, Miss Liza !
Sweet ez honeycomb,
Dar's always some one at de gate :
"Miss Liza, is you home?"

Ever' time Miss Liza sing
You heahs dem mockin' birds ;
Dey up en say :
"Dat's des de way!"
En try ter larn de words.

Oh, Miss Liza !
Sweet ez honeycomb,
Dar's always some one at de gate :
"Miss Liza, is you home?"

THE CHILDREN

DE good Lawd en de Marster
Dat make de easy yokes
Doan love de growed up sinners
Lak little bits er folks.

Dey tell him: "Lawd, de chillun
Des lonesome ez kin be!"
En den His arms He open,
En calls 'em: "Come ter Me!"

He doan ax why dey mother
Doan rock 'em all ter res';
He call 'em ter de kingdom
En take 'em to His bre's'.

En sence dat day de chillun—
Bekaze He love 'em so,
Seem des so close to heaven
Dey doan have fur ter go!

THE CHILDREN

Dey mighty close de city
 Whar sweet de music rings;
Dey see de lights a-shinin'
 En touch de angels' wings.

En when dey tell de Marster
 Dey lonesome ez kin be,
Still—still His arms He open
 En call 'em: "Come ter Me!"

AT DEVIL'S LAKE

AT Devil's Lake the days are lone ;
Night has no star to call her own,
And winds o'er glooms of cypress moan.

For there they led Leweny
With the ribald shout of many ;
They gathered ghostly round him—
They scourged him and they bound him,
And fathoms deep they drowned him
In the Devil's deadly Lake !

The mists are crawling o'er the pines,
Where never moon unclouded shines ;
Grim ghosts are gliding through the vines.

For there they led Leweny,
With the savage shout of many.
O pale the moon was beaming !
At his wife's side he lay dreaming ;
But he saw the death-eyes gleaming
In the Devil's deadly Lake !

AT DEVIL'S LAKE

Ye startle at the phantom owl ;
Ye hear the wolves for hunger howl ;
But shapes more dread than panthers' prow !

For 'twas there they led Leweny,
With the brutal cries of many ;
From weeping wife and mother ;
From sister and from brother,
For the black crime of another—
To the Devil's deadly Lake !

"Spare ye," he cried, "the rope, the knife !
Let justice hold and judge my life ;
Slay not my children and my wife !"

But there they slew Leweny,
With the hellish hate of many ;
With thongs they scourged and bound him,
And fathoms deep they drowned him,
And the grim ghosts wailed around him
In the Devil's lonely Lake !

A SUMMER LYRIC

I'M not so much on summer when the lilies wilt away,
And the rose in windless gardens is a pallid ghost of
May;

When the very woods are breathless, and the valley and
the plain,

As they glisten seem to listen for the falling of the rain.

And over twinkling meadows

Where the dusty daisies throng

And dream of dewy shadows

Comes "the weary plowman's" song:

"Gee! Haw, thar! Git along!"

I'm not so much on summer, though the rivers as they
run

With winsome, windy ripples seem to catch and cool the
sun;

And toss their shining dewdrops where the green banks
droop and dream,

And tempt the thirsting thrushes where the scarlet ber-
ries gleam.

A SUMMER LYRIC

While far across the meadows
Where the dusty daisies throng—
Low-listening for the shadows,
Comes that “weary plowman’s” song:
“Gee! Haw, thar! Git along!”

But O the glad September, when the wind is in the
pines
And the gusty groves are sweetened by the swaying
muscadines!
Where the red fox leaves his cover, and the winding of
the horn,
Like a love song to a lover, makes the melody of morn!

Then, o’er the ringing meadows,
Moves the merry, cheery throng,
In the gray of chilly shadows,
And we never miss that song—
“Gee! Haw, thar! Git along!”

TIGER LILIES

TO love her still my will is—
My ruin and my rest.
(She weareth tiger lilies—
Tiger lilies on her breast.)

She deems not love a jewel,
Nor cares if love be blest;
The infinitely cruel!
(Tiger lilies on her breast.)

A song she makes of sighing . . .
Ho! lovers, east and west,—
She smiles where Love lies dying.
(Tiger lilies on her breast.)

MORNING FIRES FOR MARY

THIS here war's a cruel sight—
Turns your life contrary;
(Think I'll stay at home an' light
Mornin' fires fer Mary!)

Think o' marchin' day an' night—
Sick, an' sad, an' weary!
(Think I'll stay at home an' light
Mornin' fires fer Mary!)

'Course, the country's cause is right,
But—I'm stationary!
Ef they kilt me, who would light
Mornin' fires fer Mary?

Three cheers fer the boys that fight!
War is too contrary
Fer a man they raised ter light
Mornin' fires fer Mary!

THE VETERAN'S DREAM

SETTIN' down by Kennesaw,
Got to thinkin' on the days
Of the formin' an' the stormin'
Of the ranks along the ways.
June sun all the land wuz warmin',
But I seen the war-fires blaze!

Settin' down by Kennesaw,
Seen the boys in battle fall;
Skies—they thundered, an' I wondered,
Sence they had no clouds at all!
In some sperrit land I'd blundered,—
Heard the ghostly captains call.

Seen the boys that wore the gray
Chargin' on the ranks of blue;
Dashin'—clashin'—an' the flashin',
Of the bright swords, drippin' dew.
Heard the cannon balls a-crashin'—
Makin' deadly pathways through.

THE VETERAN'S DREAM

Then the scene wuz changed: The blue
 With the gray stood—side by side;
An' one flag come into view—
 (Thar wuz bullet holes to hide,
An' a missin' star or two;
 But—the boys marched side by side!)

Side by side, they marched away
 At a sudden bugle-call;
No more blue an' no more gray!—
 Jest one flag to wave for all!
Marched into a brighter day,
 Answerin' to that bugle-call!

Which wuz right, an' which wuz wrong—
 Didn't matter: Ranks looked thin,
But they marched—true hearts an' strong—
 Other fights for them to win . . .
I'd been dreamin' purty long,
 But—I'm in the war ag'in!

IN THY NEW YEAR

I

LORD God, in Thy New Year
Heed Thou our song and prayer:

Thy world, O Lord, is sweet
With flowery prints of feet
Of children, who for rest
Climb to the mother's breast.
But oft the mother weeps
Where in the rose-strewn deeps
Love with the children sleeps.

Spare them life's little while
Ere they make heaven smile.

II

Lord God, in Thy New Year
Heed Thou our song and prayer:

As fledged birds leave the nest,
So from the mother's breast
Wander the children sweet:—
Sharp thorns are at their feet,

IN THY NEW YEAR

Shed from life's starless skies
Blindness falls on their eyes.
Lead them through darkest night,
Lord, to Thy light—Thy light!
Shield them life's little while
Ere they make heaven smile.

III

Lord God, in Thy New Year
Heed Thou our song and prayer:
Which is the way to tread
Heavenward above our dead?
Which the true way that leads
Starward from stormy creeds?
Lo! we are wrapped in night;
Unbind more stars of light!
Arch in Thy heaven again
Rainbows of hope to men!
Lead us through darkest night,
Lord, to Thy light—Thy light!
This is our song and prayer,
Lord, in Thine own New Year

WITH APRIL VIOLETS

I HAD rather bring you riches—the gold I dream
for you:

But—take these April violets I reaped in fields of dew.
I weep that Fortune flies me: for winter winds blow
cold—

But God gave some the violets, and God gave some the
gold.

I had rather bring you riches; for Life's fair table
spread

Is mocked when Poverty must pray over a crust of
bread;

When the sweetest love of life must starve, or beggared
palms must hold

To hearts that hate the violets and lock from Love the
gold.

WITH APRIL VIOLETS

I had rather bring you riches—to lure with golden art
The longing from Love's eyes, dear, the hunger from
Love's heart;

What grace that for the breast of Love Life's violets I
twine?

They win not worldly welcomes like raiment silken-fine.

And you should be a queen, and I—thankful to see
you so.

But the fool is in the palace, and Love's own unshel-
tered go.

Yet, take these April violets—all that my life can hold—
And coin them with thy kisses, dear, to treasuries of
gold!

HIS "FAVOR"

A IN'T he like his mammy?
Favor 'bout de eyes:
Calls ter mind his daddy,
Settin' up so wise!

Favor ever'body,
Till ain't a favor lef';
But I tell you who he favor mos':
His own, sweet, purty se'f!

Cryin', looks like grandpa—
Wrinkles make him kin;
But tell me who he favor
When he laughs de dimples in!

Done favor ever'body,
Till ain't a favor lef';
But I tell you who he favor mos':
His own, sweet, purty se'f!

A WINTER NIGHT

PILE on the logs! the bright flames start
And up the roaring chimney race;
How grateful should we be, sweetheart,
For just this little fireplace!

I said to-day that I was poor,
And poor in some things I may be,
But there's a shelter—who needs more?
And your bright eyes to shine for me.

Draw near, and sum our blessings, sweet;
While we are housed and clothed and fed
The bleak winds hound from street to street
Souls that share not life's daily bread.

While we, safe harbored from the storm,
Have all our happy hearts desire,
There's many a weak and wounded form
Bends o'er a hearth without a fire.

A WINTER NIGHT

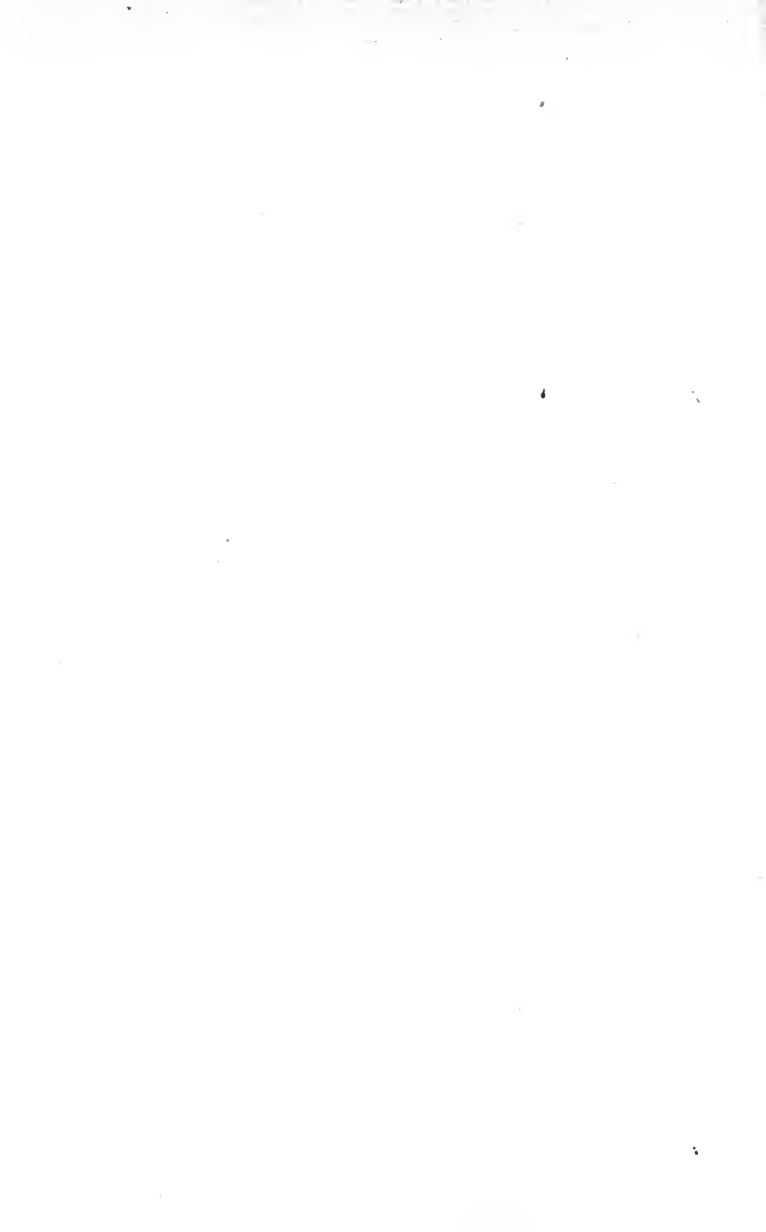
Thank God for home! and if a knock
Sounds at the door this icy night,
Oh, let us hasten to unlock
And bring a brother to the light!

It was for this God's gifts were lent—
To light the way for those that roam;
It was for this that Christ was sent—
To shelter those that had no home!

THE END







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